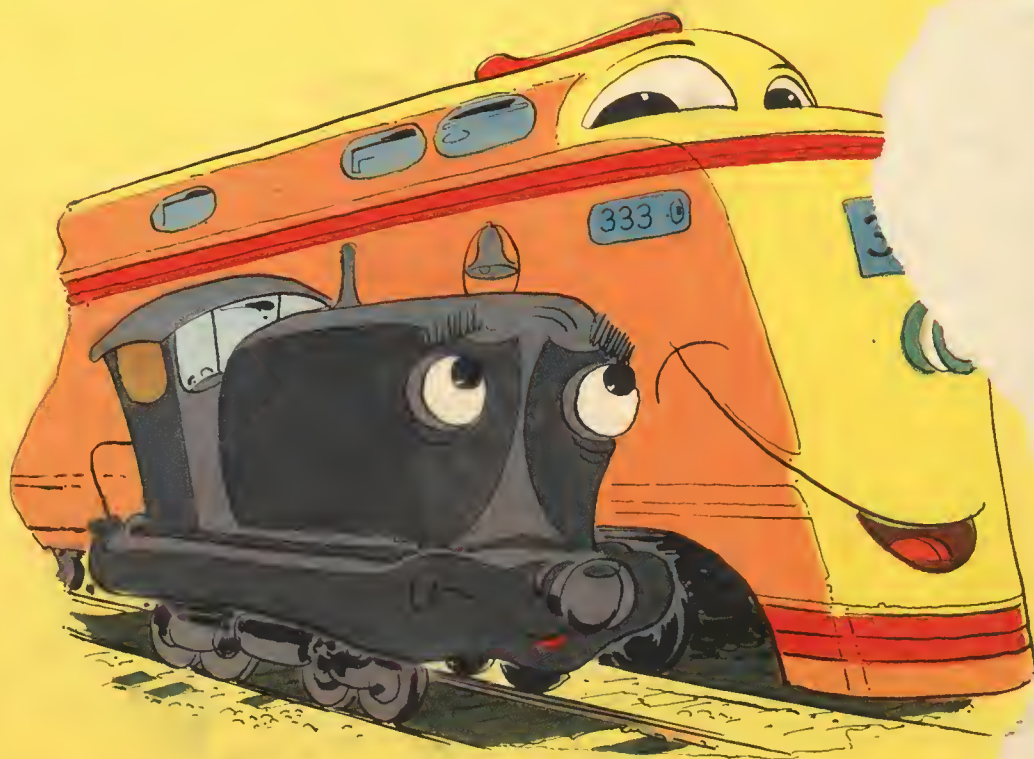
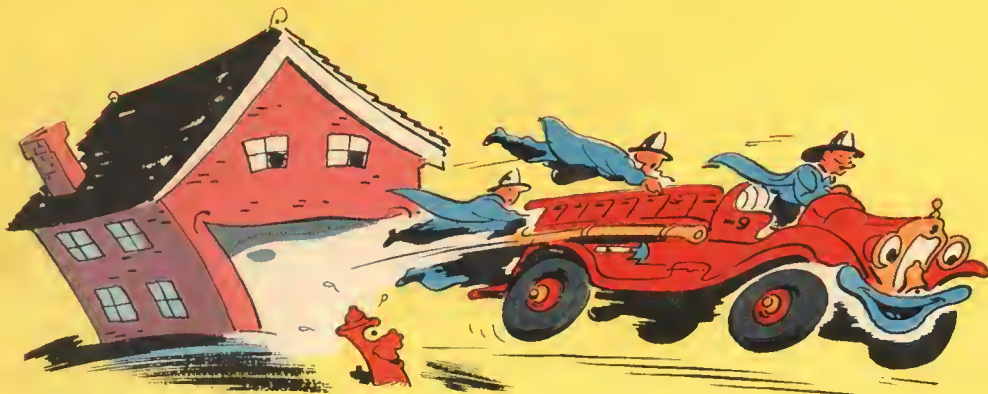


The Modern Story Book





THE MODERN STORY BOOK

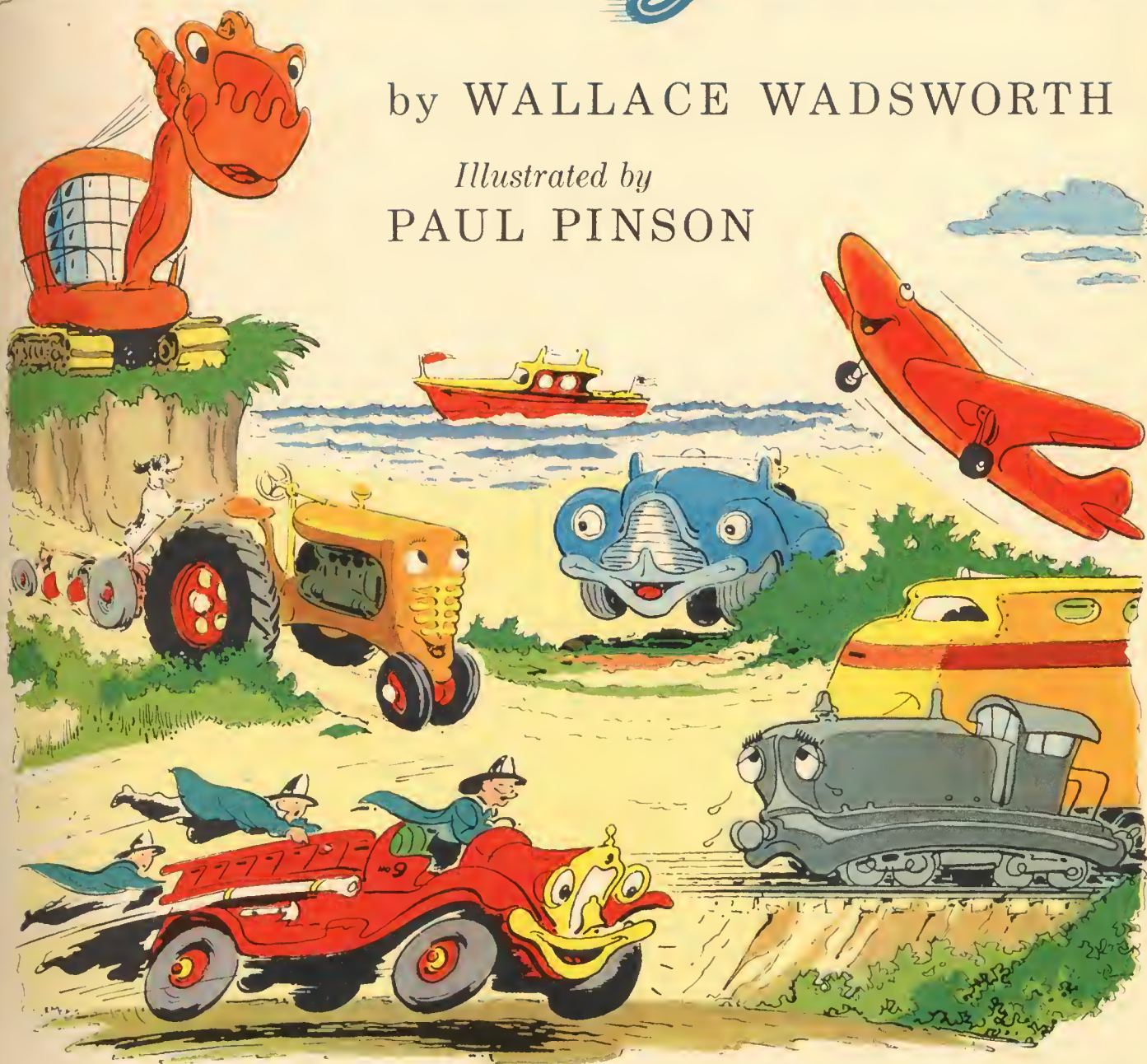




The Modern Story Book

by WALLACE WADSWORTH

Illustrated by
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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

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CHICAGO

San Francisco



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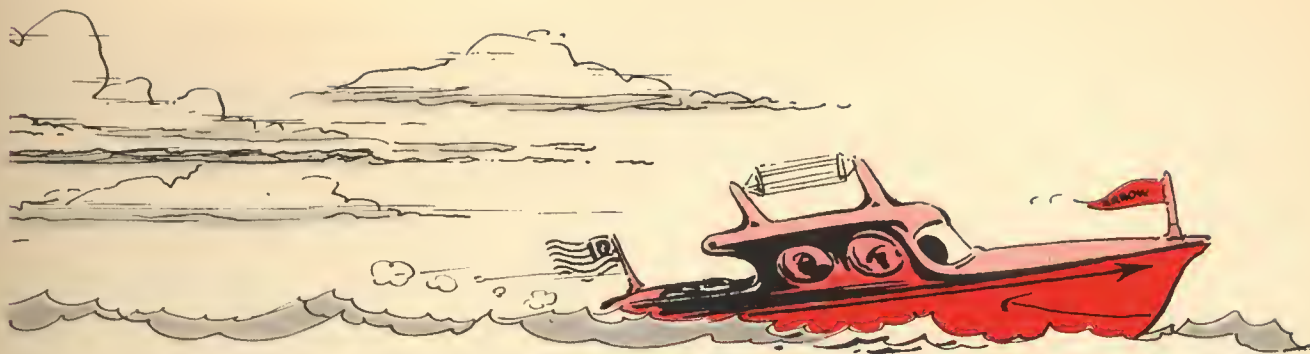
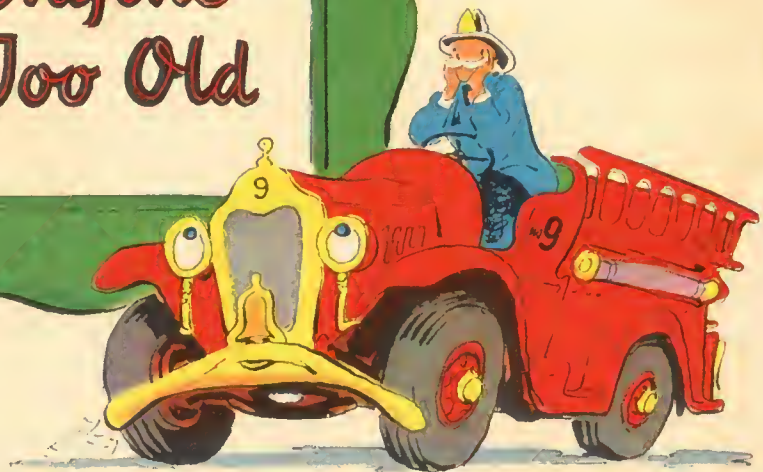


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The Fire Engine That Grew Too Old



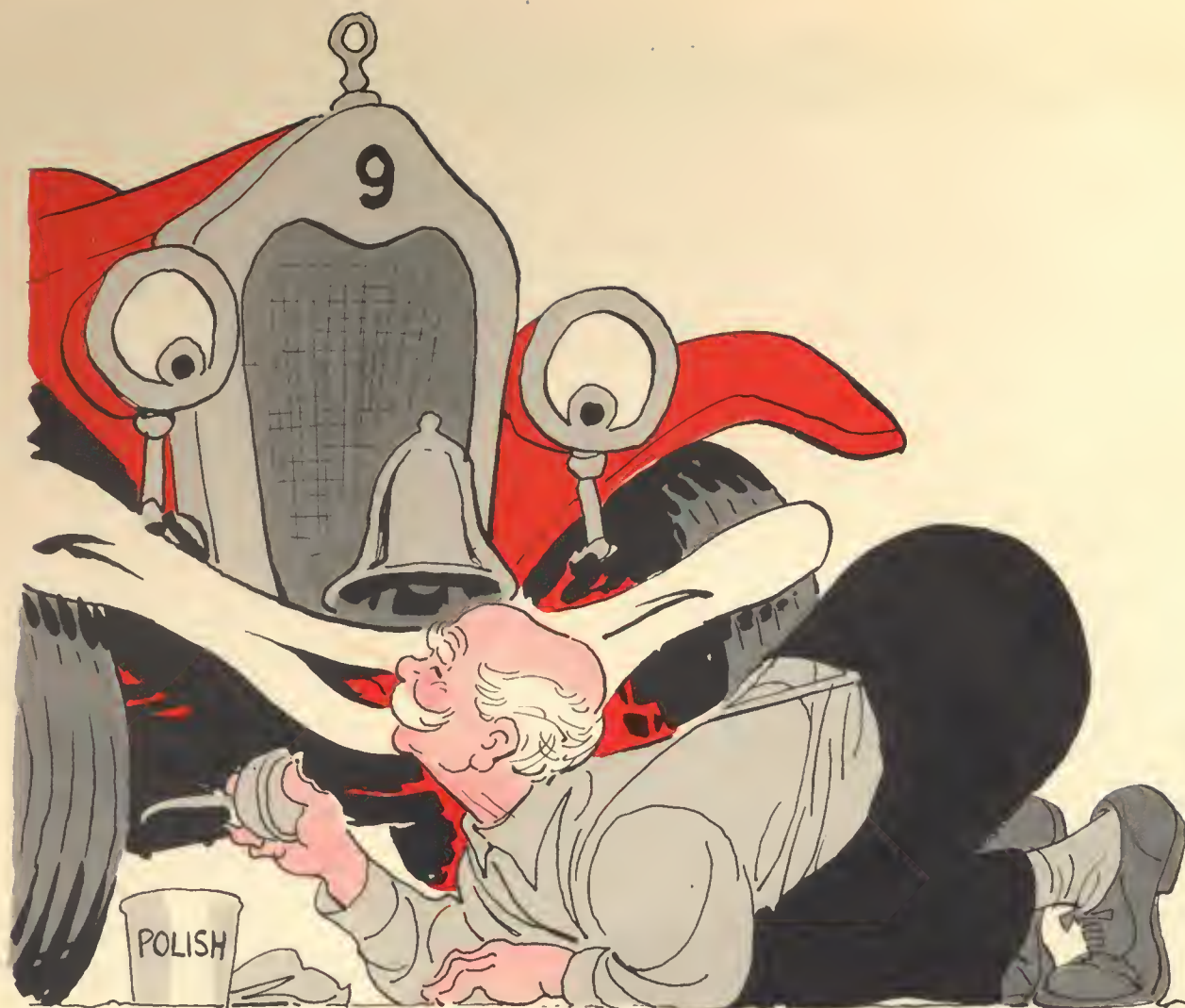
NUMBER NINE was a Fire Engine—not a very big one, however, for he was one of the first automobile Fire Engines ever made. Since he had been built, many larger engines had come to the city, and these had crowded him out of one great engine house after another. At last, he had been forced to make his home in a little engine house out on the edge of the city. Here there were not many fires and so he had little work to do.

When Number Nine had been a new engine, with red paint shining as bright as a looking glass, Old Jeff had become his driver. Old Jeff was proud of Number Nine, and soon Number Nine grew to be proud of him. For the new driver was one of

the best firemen in all the city and had many medals to pin on his chest because of his brave deeds.

Now when Number Nine was crowded out of the big stations by the newer Fire Engines and sent, at last, to the little engine house away out on the very edge of town, Old Jeff was sent along with him. For as Number Nine grew old, Old Jeff grew older, too. And people thought that neither of them could be of much use at a big fire now.

Number Nine did not like to sit in the engine house day after day without any work. Old Jeff did not like it, either. But the Fire Chief never sent them to a big fire any more. All they could find to do was, once in a great while, to put out some easy little fire.



Old Jeff used to talk to Number Nine when he was polishing his bright red paint and brass work.

"They think we are too old to be of any use," he would grumble to Number Nine. "Yet we know more about putting out big fires than any other fireman or engine in the city. They have sent us out here, almost in the country, where there is nothing to do. First thing you know, they will want to throw us both on the scrap pile."

"Our chance will come," Number

Nine would reply to Old Jeff. "Some day these new firemen and engines will get to a fire too big for them. Then they will have to call on us to help them out. So keep up your courage, Old Jeff. Oil my bearings and tighten my bolts, and we shall be ready to show them when our chance comes."

Every time the fire alarm rang in the little engine house, Number Nine would tremble a little, he was so eager to go. And Old Jeff would stand ready to jump into the driver's

seat. But months went by, and though many fire alarms were rung, not even one time did they hear the signal calling them to help put out a fire.

Winter came on, and still the signal did not ring for Number Nine. And then one morning, the coldest day of the year, a very big fire broke out downtown. A tall building was on fire, and soon the blaze had caught in several offices near by.

As the signals rang in the little engine house, calling for one Fire Engine after the other, Number Nine and Old Jeff trembled with eagerness. Old Jeff walked about Number Nine, squirting oil and making sure that everything was spick and span. And all the time he talked to Number Nine.

"Will they call us this time, Number Nine? This is a big fire, but they

think we are too old to be of any use at a big fire. Perhaps they will forget all about us again."

But this time Number Nine felt sure—clear down in the middle of his machinery—that he and Old Jeff would be called.

"No, Old Jeff," he said. "They will not pass us by. This fire is too big for all those young firemen and new engines to handle by themselves. They will have to call out us old-timers, who know more about fighting big fires."

And Number Nine was right, for just then the signal rang that they had long been waiting for. *Whee-e!* Old Jeff and Number Nine were going to the big fire at last!

Old Jeff sprang into his seat, and Number Nine was ready to go as the broad doors of the little engine house swung open. They dashed out



so quickly that the other firemen who rode on Number Nine hardly had time to put on their helmets and rubber coats and swing aboard.

Along the snowy streets they roared, going downtown to the big fire. Number Nine's siren squealed, "*Oo-wee-oo-oo-oo!* Get out of the way! Out of the way! We're going to the big fire! *Oo-WEE-oo-o-o!*"

When they got downtown, Old Jeff could see the clouds of smoke from the burning buildings. "We're coming to the big fire," he called. "Do your best, Number Nine!"

Number Nine was going too fast to say anything, but he rolled along at his best speed. Soon they passed the fire lines. Policemen were holding the people back in order to give the firemen and the Fire Engines plenty of room.

They rolled up very near to the burning buildings, and then Old Jeff said, "The worst fire is in the Smith Building, Number Nine. These new firemen don't know how to fight a big fire. They have forgotten all about the alley hydrant behind the building. That's the place for us."



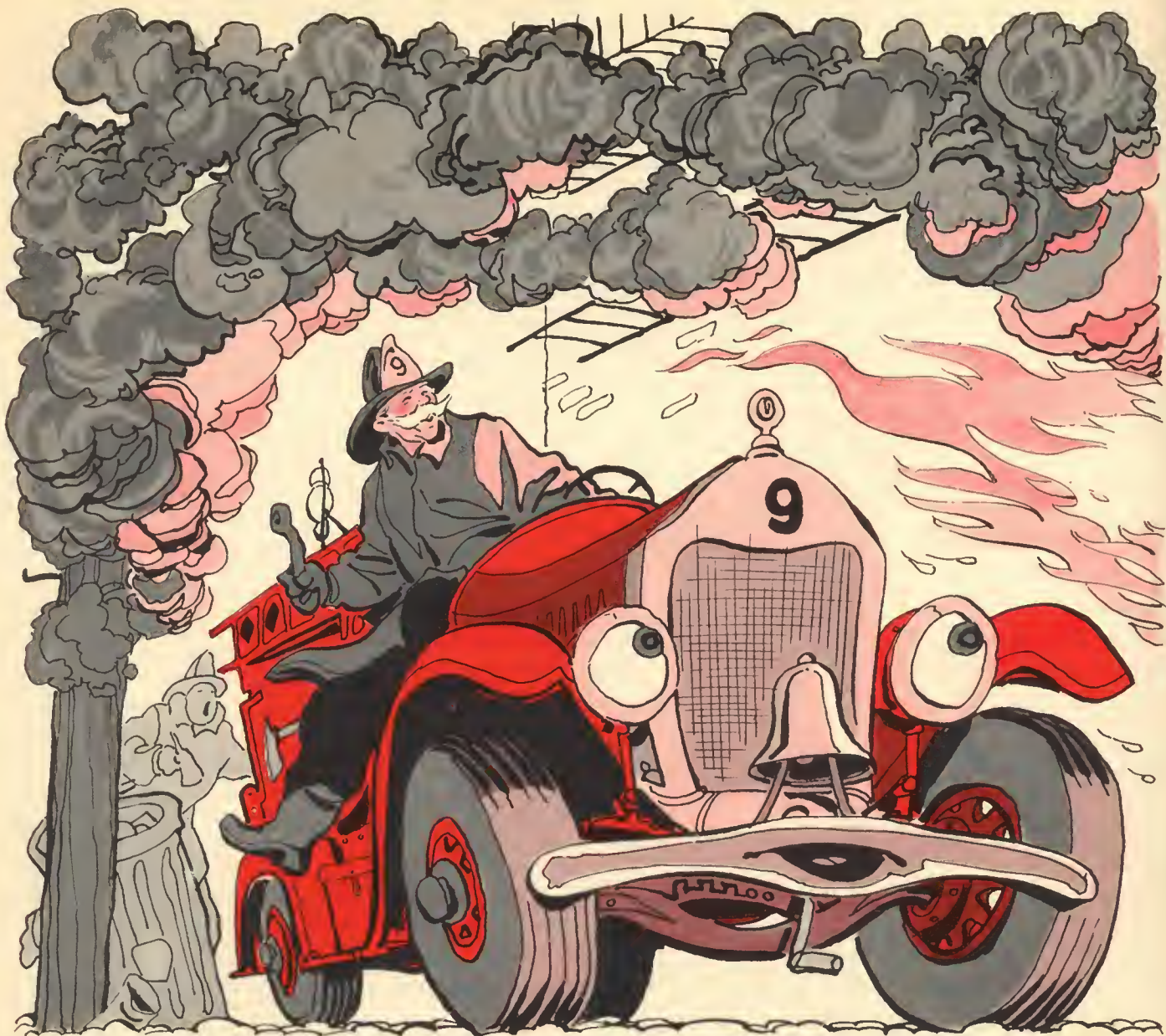
Just then the Fire Chief ran up.
"You here, Old Jeff?" he cried.

"All here, both Old Jeff and Number Nine," Old Jeff called back.

"You can help Number Forty with its pumping," said the Chief. "We need all the water we can throw, and more, too."

"The place for Number Nine is at the alley hydrant, behind the Smith Building," said Old Jeff.





"Too dangerous," said the Chief. "The walls may fall any moment. We need the water back there badly, but I won't tell any man to take up his post there."

"Ho-ho!" laughed Old Jeff. "Number Nine and I will give you all the water you want from the alley. Come along, Number Nine." And Number Nine ran along.

The alley was a fearful sight. Up above, red flames and smoke poured from the Smith Building. Farther along, another building's walls had fallen, and the fire was leaping out in great flames. All around hung ice and icicles from the water the firemen had thrown onto the fire, trying to put it out.

But Old Jeff and Number Nine

did not hold back. Up the alley they went to the hydrant, almost to the fallen walls. There Old Jeff stopped Number Nine and quickly fastened his pumping hose. At the same time, firemen stretched hose lines from Number Nine, running them inside the burning building, so that they could fight the fire in a new place.

"All right, boys," called Old Jeff, above the roar of the fire and the roar of Number Nine's strong motor. "Now you'll have water just as long as there is any Number Nine or any Old Jeff."

And then Number Nine started pumping water onto the big fire as fast as he could. *Whee-e-e!* It was hard work, but Number Nine thought it was the greatest fun he had ever known. He trembled with joy as he felt the thousands and thousands of gallons of water rush through his pump and on through his hose lines as fast as he could push them forward. This was the work that he loved to do.

Sometimes the heat from the flames was so great that it blistered Old Jeff's face and Number Nine's bright red paint. Sometimes, in spite of the hot fire, the strong, cold wind from the street blew over them and froze the water about them into glittering ice piled high.

Before very long, Number Nine was covered with ice, and Old Jeff looked like an ice man. But still Old Jeff oiled and took care of Number Nine, and Number Nine pumped away as hard as ever.

"I'm afraid the wall is going to fall before long," Old Jeff whispered to Number Nine. "It is getting very weak."

Number Nine did not care very much whether the wall fell on him or not, but he hated to have it fall on Old Jeff.

"Fill up my oil cups as full as you can, Old Jeff," he said. "Fix me up so that I can run for a long time. Then, if the wall starts to fall, you crawl under me, and I will keep you from getting hurt."



So, presently, when some bricks crashed down near by, Old Jeff looked up and saw that the wall was just about to fall. He finished filling another oil cup for Number Nine, and then, just in time, he crawled under the brave little Fire Engine. With a mighty crash, a part of the wall toppled and fell upon strong old Number Nine.

"Are you hurt badly, Number Nine?" called Old Jeff.

"Not badly, Old Jeff," called back Number Nine. "The wall is crushing me so heavily that I'm afraid I shall burst my tires, and I am somewhat bent up, but my pump and motor are not hurt. I can run for a long, long time yet. How about you, Old Jeff? Are you hurt?"

"Just a broken ankle, where a brick hit me," said Old Jeff. "But perhaps I can crawl around and give you a little oil when you need it. We'll show them yet, won't we, Number Nine?"

After the wall had fallen, the

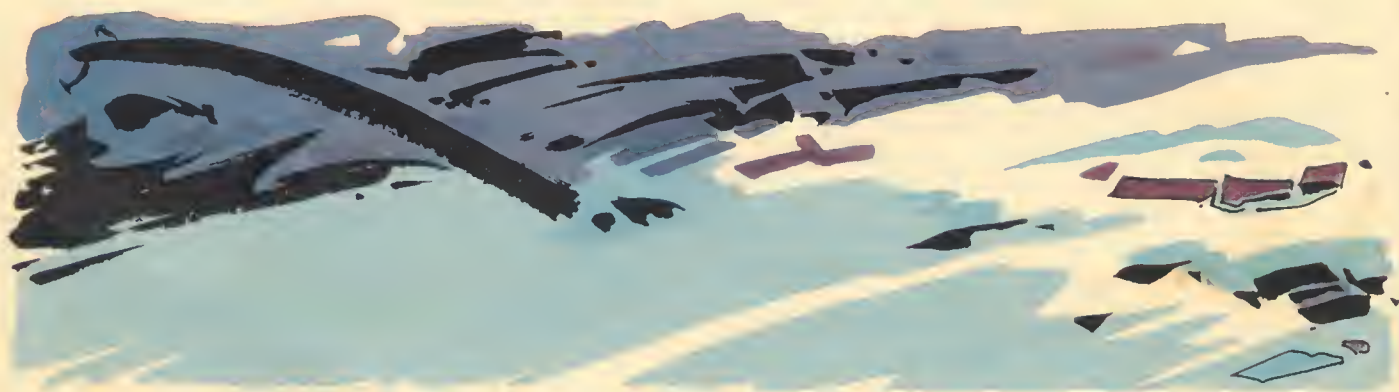
water from the hose lines came over onto Number Nine more than ever. By and by, so much water had fallen on Number Nine and on the heavy wall on top of him that nothing could be seen of the little Fire Engine. Only a great lump of glittering ice filled the alley.

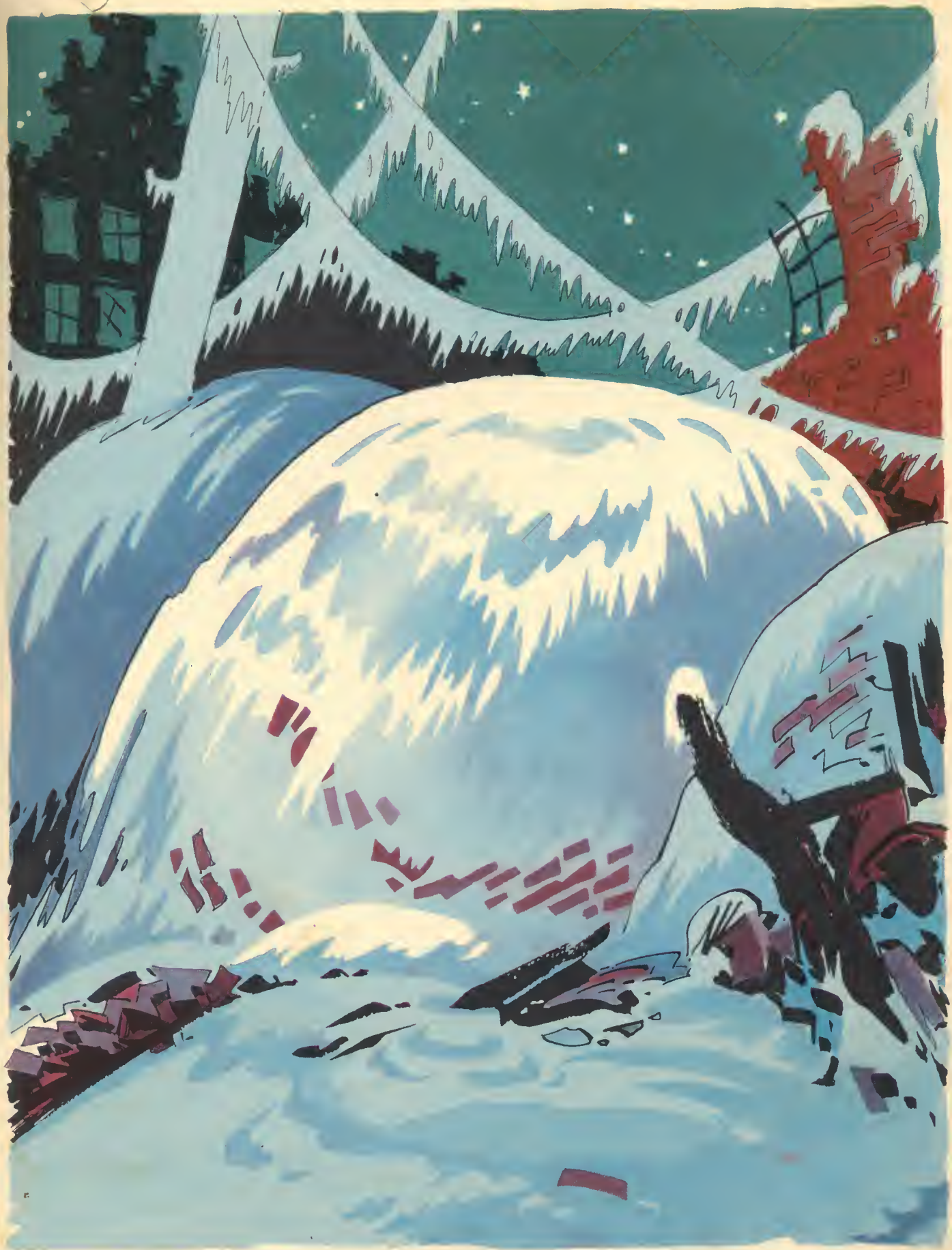
The ice and wall together grew so heavy that Number Nine burst all his tires. "*Bang! Pop-pop! Hiss-s-s!*" —but still he kept right on pumping.

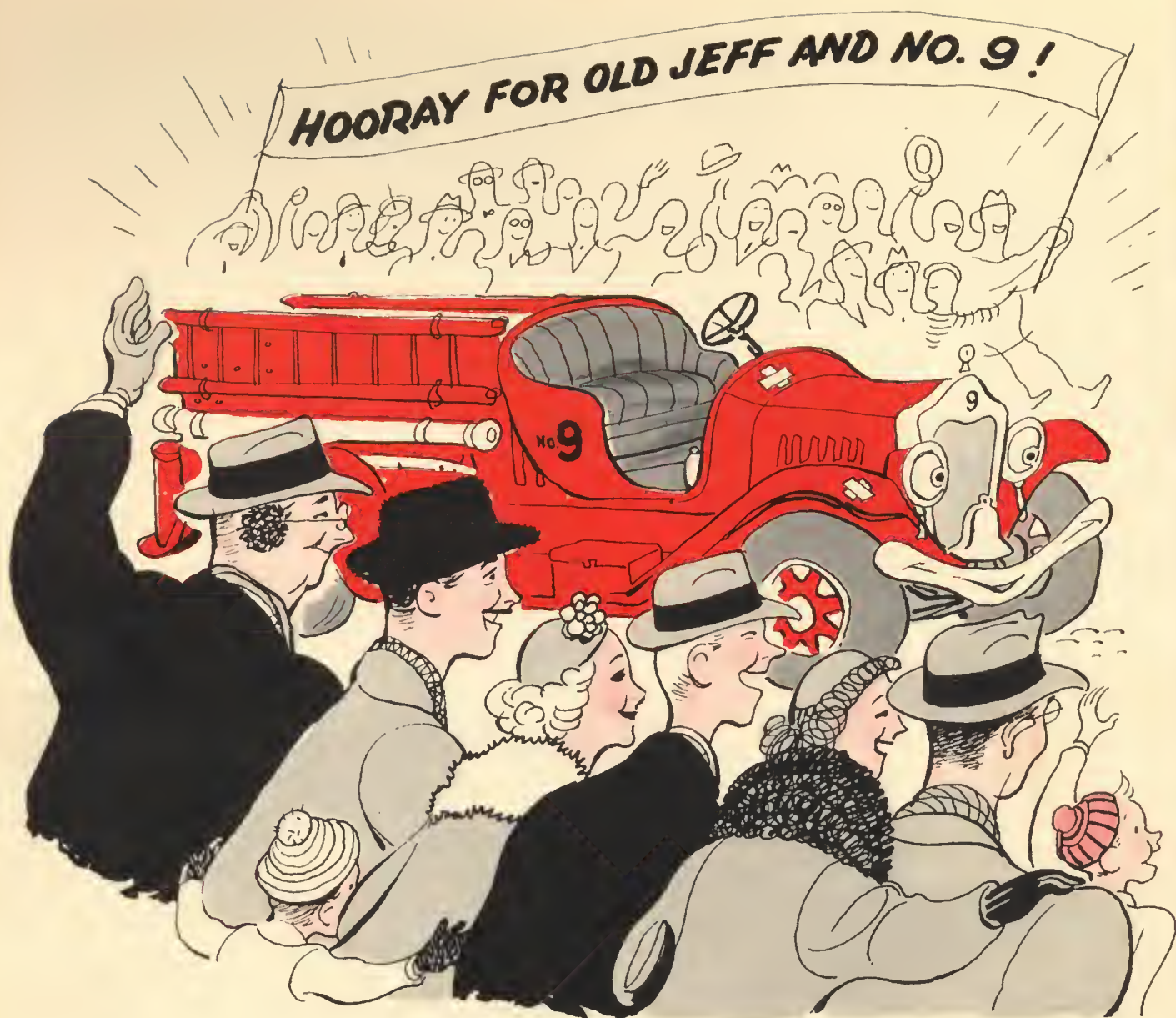
"I need oil, Old Jeff," he would call once in a while.

And Old Jeff, in spite of his broken ankle, would manage to wiggle around under all the ice and pieces of wall that covered them up and give Number Nine a drink of oil in his oil cups. Then Number Nine would go on pumping water onto the big fire, harder than ever.

After a while, the firemen began to get the fire under control. When it was no longer a big fire, nor even a medium-sized one, but only a small one, the Fire Chief thought of Old







Jeff and Number Nine. As quickly as he could, he ran to the alley where they were. He became very sad when he saw how the wall had fallen.

He called some firemen to help him. "The wall fell on Old Jeff," he said. "Get tools, and we'll dig him out. Poor old fellow, he would risk it here by the alley hydrant. Now the wall has fallen on him."

So the firemen got tools, and they began to dig. After they had dug a little while, one of the firemen said to the Chief, "What's that sound I hear? It comes from under this pile of ice and bricks."

The Chief listened. "Why, it is old Number Nine, still pumping away!" he cried. "Hurry, boys! Perhaps Old Jeff is all right, too."



So the firemen dug harder than ever, and before long they came upon Old Jeff under the ice and broken wall which Number Nine had held up off him. Old Jeff was giving Number Nine another drink of oil when they found him. "Is the fire under control?" he asked.

The Chief felt very proud of Old Jeff and Number Nine, because of

the brave way they had kept on working. It was because Number Nine had kept on pumping so strongly that they had put out the big fire as soon as they had. All the citizens of the town were proud, also, and they gave Old Jeff another medal to wear.

As for Number Nine, everybody thought he was a wonderful old Fire Engine. He was given a new coat of bright red paint, and his brass work was shined until it looked like gold. Then he was paraded through the streets to the biggest engine house in the city.

There he stands yet, with a brass plate on his side telling of the work he has done. Old Jeff is there to take care of him, and to tell the story of how Number Nine saved his life and helped put out the big fire.

So they are both quite happy, in spite of the fact that the Chief won't let them go to fires any more. The Chief thinks that now they really are too old.

Of course, Old Jeff and Number Nine know better than that. It is a good joke between them. But since they have had their share in putting out the worst fire that the city has ever had, they are willing to stand aside now and give younger firemen and Fire Engines a chance.



The Lazy Automobile



HERE once was a little Automobile, named Chuffer, who had grown lazy. As long as he had been new and strong, he had enjoyed carrying people everywhere they wanted to go. But one day, when he stopped to think of all the work he had done, he began to feel tired. Then he became lazy, and he soon grew so lazy that he didn't want to work at all.

His master was Mr. Smiggles. Chuffer didn't like Mr. Smiggles because he made him work, and he tried to think of a way to get even with Mr. Smiggles.

"Some day he'll be sorry that he makes me work so hard," Chuffer said to himself many times. "The very idea, a big, healthy man like

him wanting to ride every place he goes! Everybody else has a Saturday or a Sunday rest day every week. But I don't even have a holiday on Christmas or the Fourth of July! In fact, when others are having rest days or holidays, I have to work harder than ever."

One Sunday afternoon, Mr. Smiggles said to Mrs. Smiggles, "This is such a nice day, let's take a long ride out into the country."

"Fine," said Mrs. Smiggles. "I'll call up Aunt Lucy and Uncle Fred and ask them to go with us. And then I shall get the children ready."

When they were all ready, Mr. Smiggles drove to Uncle Fred's house, and there were Uncle Fred and Aunt Lucy waiting for them.

Aunt Lucy climbed into the back

of the lazy little Automobile with Mrs. Smiggles and the children. As she sat down, Chuffer gave a groan and cried to himself, "Oh, my poor springs!" For Aunt Lucy was very big and heavy. Uncle Fred got into the front seat with Mr. Smiggles.

"All right," called Mr. Smiggles, "here we go!" And off they started in the lazy little Automobile.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" groaned Chuffer, as he ran along on the smooth street. "What hard work this is! It isn't fair that I should have to work so hard. Inviting company, indeed! Mr. Smiggles just does not think of me at all. Well, *I* am going to think of myself. Just as soon as I find a good place, I shall stop and sleep a little while, to get rested."

So he rolled along until he arrived downtown, where there were high buildings. The streets were filled with other automobiles and streetcars and people; and Mr. Smiggles made Chuffer go a little slower because of the crowds. Then, just at the busiest corner, a big Policeman blew his whistle and Mr. Smiggles had to make Chuffer stop very quickly.

Chuffer looked around and saw that he would have to wait a while before he could go on.

"This is a good place to take a

little nap," he thought. And then, all at once, he went sound asleep right there in the street.

Of course, when he went to sleep, his motor stopped running. This made Mr. Smiggles very nervous. He stepped on the starter, but the engine would not move. For, you see, the lazy little Automobile was asleep all over, and his engine could not start until he woke up.

The big Policeman blew his whistle again and motioned Mr. Smiggles to drive on. But Mr. Smiggles could not drive on. He just sat there and pressed his foot on the starter so that it turned over and over. But no matter how much it turned, it could not make Chuffer wake up.

"Choke your engine more," called Mrs. Smiggles from the back seat.

"No, don't choke it," called Aunt Lucy. "Just step on the starter once more."

"I think it would be better if you would pump the gas pedal," said Uncle Fred.

All the cars behind Chuffer, that wanted to pass him, began to honk their horns loudly. Mr. Smiggles became more nervous than ever. He tried everything he could think of to make the little Automobile start. But nothing at all happened.



Chuffer was sound asleep and he stayed sound asleep.

The cars behind honked their horns louder and louder, but even that didn't make the lazy little Automobile wake up. The big Policeman began to get angry, too. He walked over to Mr. Smiggles and said, "Why don't you start that thing and move it along? You're holding up traffic."

"It won't start," groaned Mr. Smiggles.

"Well, I'll see if I can make it start," growled the big Policeman.

"Here," he called to the driver of the car behind Chuffer, "will you give this car a push so we can get things going?"

So the car behind moved up close. "Get ready now," called the big

Policeman sternly to Mr. Smiggles.

"Ready," Mr. Smiggles called back, and waited anxiously.

There was a big thump as the car behind hit Chuffer's rear bumper. It shook the lazy little Automobile from one end to the other and made him wake up and start running again.

"My goodness, but I am glad that is over," said Mr. Smiggles, as they rolled on down the street. "I hope nothing like that happens again."

"Then you shouldn't make me work so hard," the lazy little Automobile said to himself. "I am just too tired."

They rolled along and along, and all the time Chuffer was looking for another place to take a nap. They drove through the edge of the city and found themselves in the country on a fine, paved road. Chuffer didn't have to work very hard on this smooth pavement, so he didn't try to go to sleep again just yet. He decided to wait a while.

"There are too many people on this road," said Mr. Smiggles. "It doesn't seem like the real country."

"Let's turn off along some side road," said Aunt Lucy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smiggles, "that will be nicer."

So, presently, when they came to

a country road that led away from the smooth pavement, Mr. Smiggles turned onto it. It was harder for Chuffer to run on this dirt road, but still the lazy little Automobile could not find a good place to take a nap. So they drove along, and everyone enjoyed the quiet of the woods and fields they passed—everyone except Chuffer.

The road began to get a little rougher. Chuffer thought that his springs would break or that his old tires would burst, but he kept on rolling along. He felt tired, oh, so very tired! "I just can't stand much more of this," he said to himself. "I must have a nap. I must have a nap *right away*."

Presently, just ahead of him, he saw a great black mud puddle. The puddle lay across the road from one side to the other, and it was very long.

"My goodness," Chuffer said to himself, "what a fine place this will be to take a nap in!" He ran right on to the very middle of the puddle, and there all of a sudden he stopped dead still.

"Now," he laughed to himself, "they will all have to sit here until I am ready to wake up. They will not want to get out into the mud and so they cannot disturb my slumber."



He settled down a little deeper in the puddle and fell sound asleep.

"This awful thing is dead again," groaned Mr. Smiggles.

He stepped on the starter, but it had gone to sleep, too, and would not make the motor turn over a single time.

"You'll have to get out and push it," called fat Aunt Lucy from the back seat.

"You will just ruin your clothes," cried Mrs. Smiggles.

"Well," said Mr. Smiggles sadly, "it can't be helped. I'll have to try pushing it, mud or no mud. Take the wheel, Uncle Fred."

Uncle Fred sighed and moved over to take the wheel.

Mr. Smiggles climbed out into the puddle and waded around in back of the lazy little Automobile. Mr. Smiggles pushed and pushed, splashing

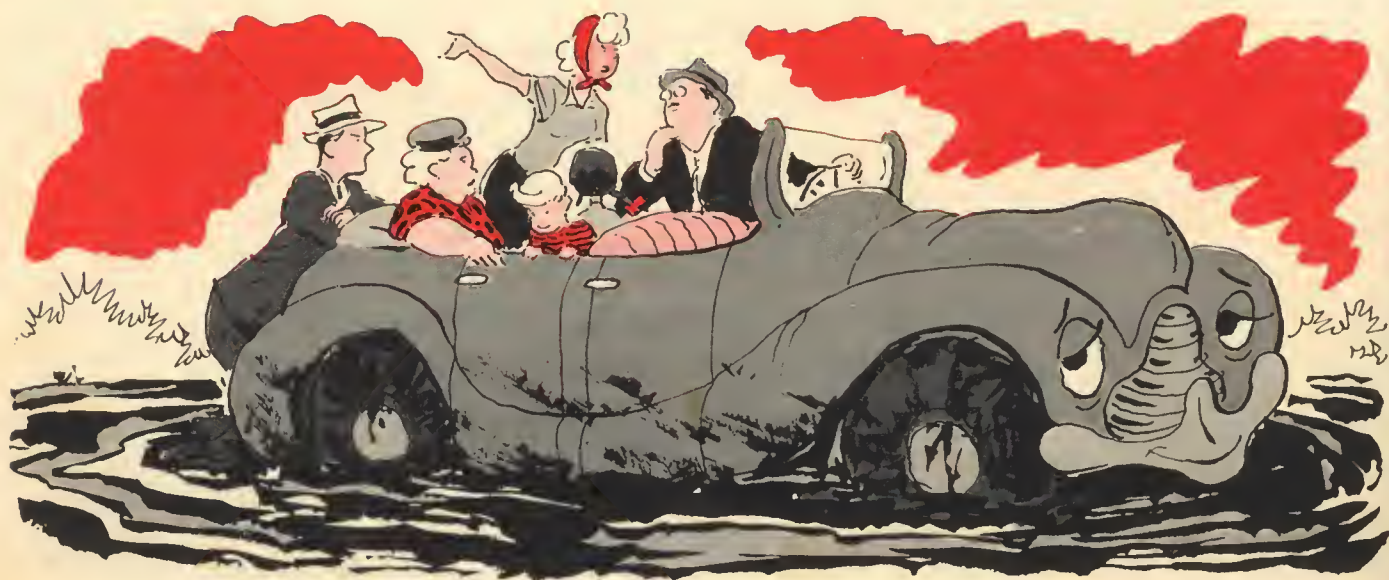
mud all over his best Sunday clothes, but still he couldn't make Chuffer wake up.

When he could push no more, Uncle Fred got down in the mud and tried to help. Neither of them was able to do a thing.

"This is the last time I ever go riding with you, George Henry Smiggles!" scolded Aunt Lucy angrily.

"It's going to get dark before long," snapped Mrs. Smiggles, "and we can't stay here all night. I'd like to know what you are going to do, Mr. Smiggles."

"Well, we simply can't get this thing started again," replied Mr. Smiggles. "There's a bus line to the city back along this road two or three miles. I guess you had better ride on the bus to town. I shall stay here and you can send someone after me to tow me in."





"How are we ever going to get out in all this mud?" asked Mrs. Smiggles.

"The men are muddy already," said Aunt Lucy. "They can carry us across."

So Mr. Smiggles and Uncle Fred carried the children across the puddle to the dry road. And then they came back and told Aunt Lucy they would carry her next. Aunt Lucy opened the car door. The men tried to pick her up and carry her. But she was so heavy, they let her slip a little, and then, first thing they knew—*kersplash!*—Aunt Lucy fell right into the deepest part of the puddle.

"If that's the way you do it," scolded Mrs. Smiggles; "you shan't

carry me!" And she stepped out of the car into the mud, and started down the road.

"George Henry Smiggles, if you ever get back home again," Mrs. Smiggles called back as she left, "don't bring that awful car with you!"

"Something seems to have made her angry," remarked Mr. Smiggles.

"They all seem a little that way," said Uncle Fred. "We'll send someone after you, so just wait here."

And then away went Uncle Fred,





leaving poor Mr. Smiggles alone with the lazy little Automobile.

It was after dark when a big, strong truck came to pull Mr. Smiggles and Chuffer out of the mudhole. It pulled them back to the city, and still the lazy little Automobile did not wake up.

"Now, let's try to start it," said the Man who drove the big truck, when he had pulled Mr. Smiggles up to his garage. He tried to wake up Chuffer and make him run, but he couldn't. The little Automobile stayed as sound asleep as ever.

By this time Mr. Smiggles was cold and hungry and angrier than ever. "That car isn't good for anything except the junk pile!" he cried.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it," said the Garage Man.

"All right," said Mr. Smiggles. "I'm so tired of it that I never want to see it again."

So the Garage Man bought the little Automobile from Mr. Smiggles for twenty-five dollars, and Mr. Smiggles took his twenty-five dollars and went home on a bus.

The next morning the Garage Man tried again to make Chuffer run, but the little Automobile was still too lazy to wake up. So the Garage Man tied him once more to the truck and pulled him out to a big



open lot where hundreds and hundreds of Automobiles stood.

All these Automobiles were old and rusty. All had lost parts of their machinery, so that they could never run again. There the Garage Man and his helper looked Chuffer over and then began taking his engine

apart. At last this woke him up.

"My goodness," he said to himself, when he looked around him. "Where is the mud puddle, and Mr. Smiggles, and all the others? I don't remember this place."

There were rusty old Automobiles around him in the big lot, and

Chuffer said to one of them, "What is this place and what are these men doing to me?"

"This," replied the Automobile, "is an Automobile graveyard. When an Automobile gets so lazy that he won't run any more, they bring him here and take out all his parts which are worth anything. Then they leave the rest of him to rust away."

When the lazy little Automobile heard this, he began to wish that he had not been quite so sleepy.

"Here, here!" he cried to the men. "I don't want to have my engine taken out. I'll never be lazy again, if you will just give me another chance."

Just then the Garage Man came over and looked at Chuffer again.

"I think I will try to start this car just once more," he said to his helper. "But this is the last time. If it won't start now, it is going straight to the junk pile."

Chuffer was so eager to go he could hardly wait for the starter. *Whir-r-r-r!* he went at the first touch, *whir-r-r-r! chug-chug-chug! Whir-r-r-r!*

"Why, it runs as good as new!" said the Garage Man. "There's nothing wrong with the engine now! I must tell Mr. Smiggles!"

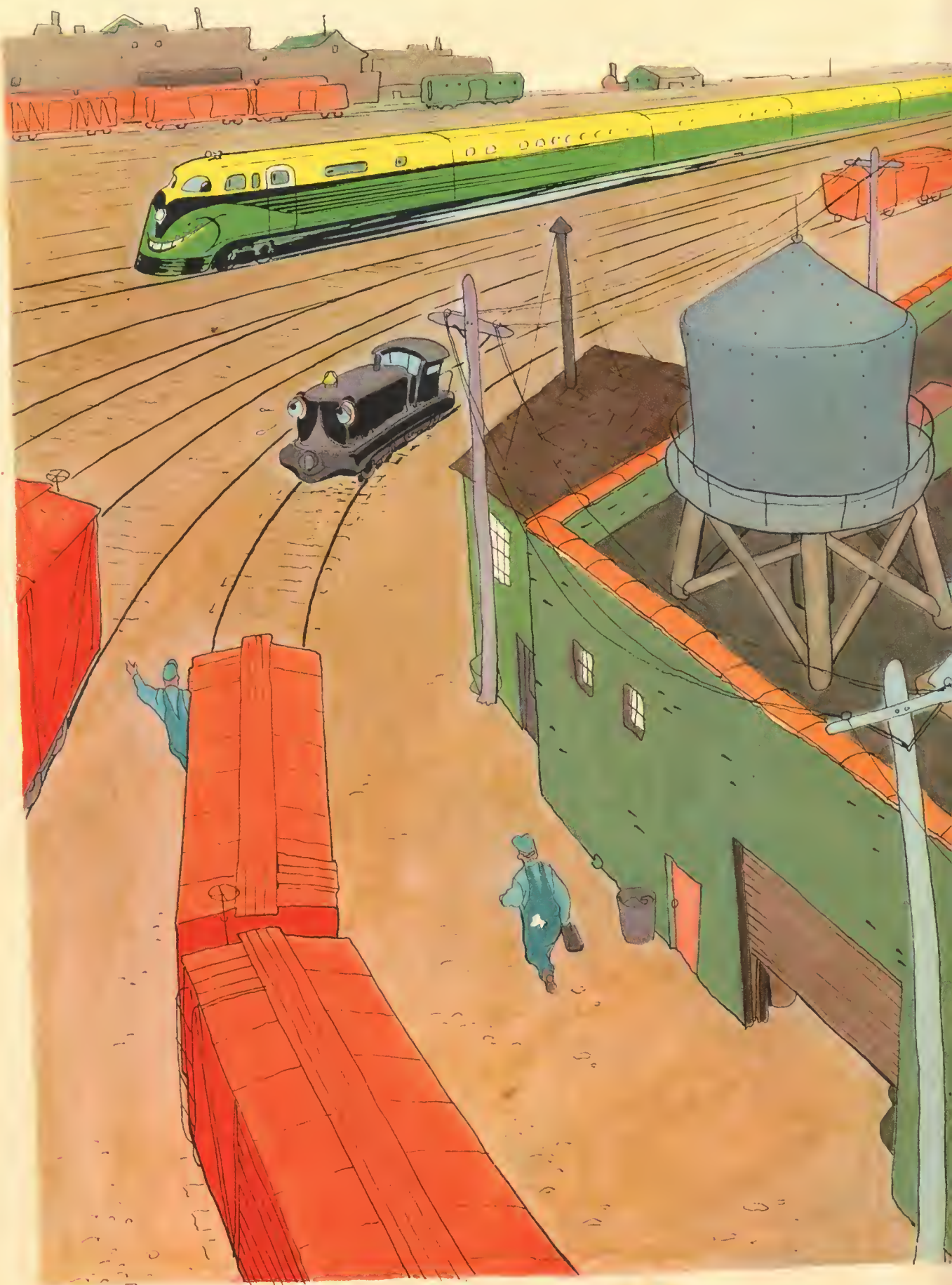
So the Garage Man called Mr.

Smiggles on the phone and told him that the little Automobile was as good as new, and Mr. Smiggles came down to drive him home again.

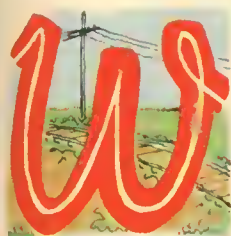
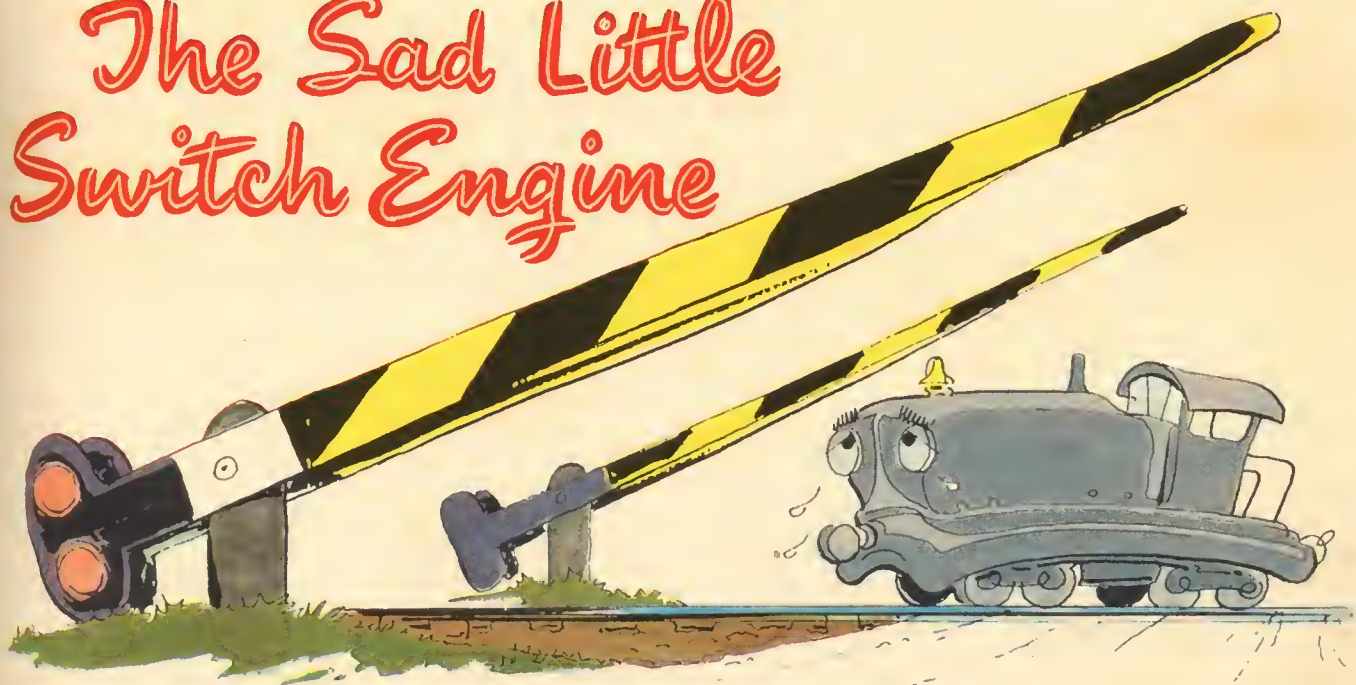
Chuffer was so glad to see Mr. Smiggles that he almost shook his hood off showing how fast he could make his engine go. All the way home he ran so beautifully that Mr. Smiggles decided he wouldn't trade him even for a brand-new car. So he gave back the money and kept Chuffer.

And after that, whenever the little Automobile felt the least bit lazy, he thought of the Automobile junk pile, and then he ran twice as fast as ever he had run before.





The Sad Little Switch Engine



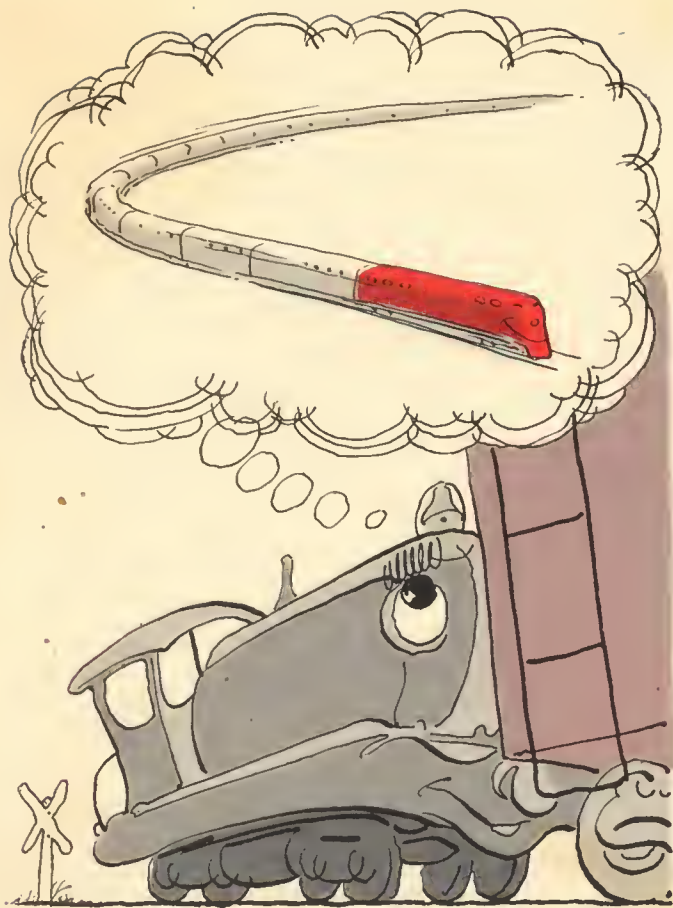
WHEN Choo-choo, the little Switch Engine, was brand-new, he was very happy, indeed. He ran about all day long, thinking what a big, strong Locomotive he would be when he grew up.

At first, Choo-choo worked in the railroad yard of a large city, where there were many, many tracks running along side by side. Here and there were places where the tracks crossed over and ran into one another. These were called "switches." They had been built so that a train on one track could be made to cross over onto another track whenever one of the men pulled the right levers.

Choo-choo worked for many,

many days in the big railroad yard, and he was happy all the time. He had an important job to do. He took parts of the long trains of freight cars that came into the big city, and pushed first one freight car and then another over the switches onto different tracks. In this way all the cars of the big trains were sorted out. The freight cars which were to go in one direction were ready on one track. Those which were to go in another direction were ready on another track. Then a big, strong, puffing Freight Locomotive would fasten himself to each line of cars, and away they all would go to some distant city.

Choo-choo always felt very proud of himself when he saw a big Freight Engine pulling a train out of the



railroad yard. He knew he was littler than the big Freight Engine, but he did not mind that.

"If it were not for me, he wouldn't find cars all ready for him to take out," the happy little Switch Engine would say to himself. Besides, he thought, it would not be long until he would grow up and be big, too.

Choo-choo dreamed often of growing up. He wondered what sort of engine he would be. At first he decided that he would be a big, strong Freight Locomotive, which could pull long trains from one big city to another. He thought it would

be fine to pull cars full of automobiles and cars full of coal and cars full of oranges.

But finally he began to wonder if it would not be more fun to grow up into a fine big Passenger Locomotive, instead. Then he would pull the beautiful, shining cars with windows along their sides, and people riding inside.

Over at the edge of the railroad yard where Choo-choo worked, were several long, straight tracks which ran on and on, farther than anyone could see. These were the "main lines" which stretched for many, many miles to other big cities. Only trains bound for far-away cities were allowed to use these tracks.

Every day long passenger trains, carrying people instead of freight, would rush by on the main lines so fast that Choo-choo never even had a chance to say "How-do-you-do!" Sometimes he would call, "*Toot-toot!*" to them with his little air horn. And sometimes the big Locomotives would answer with a single "*Toot!*" from their big whistles. But it was a long time before he had a chance to talk with one of the big Passenger Locomotives.

The chance came one day when Choo-choo went over to the round-house to have a little leak in his fuel

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tank fixed. A fine big streamlined Passenger Engine stood beside him on the track in the roundhouse, and at first Choo-choo felt a little bashful. But the big Locomotive was very kind, and soon he was telling the little Switch Engine all about the far cities he had been to, and how fast he could run.

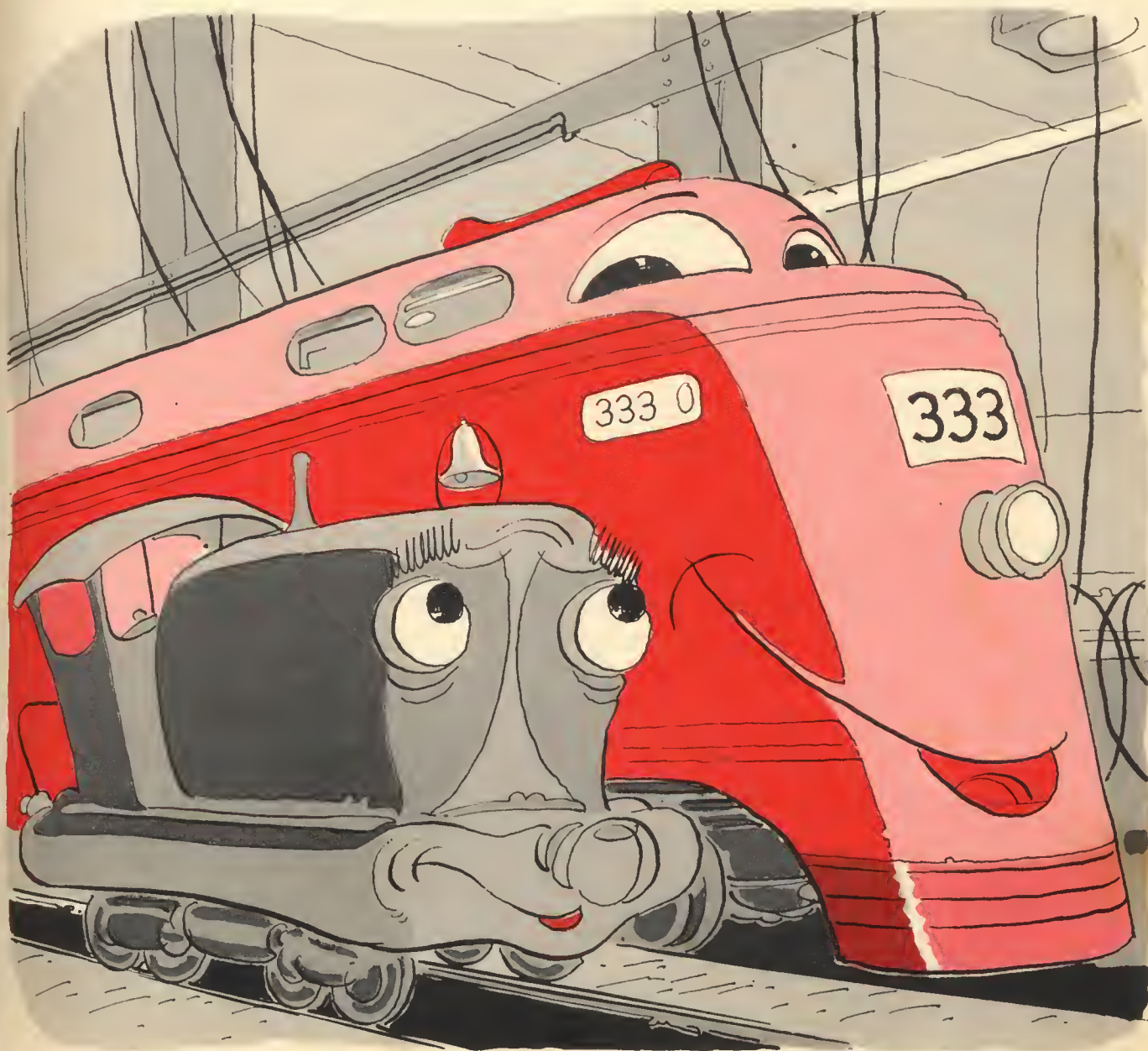
"Do you think a Passenger Loco-

motive is more important than a big Freight Locomotive?" Choo-choo asked.

"My goodness, yes!" said the big Passenger Engine. "Of course it is. A Passenger Engine goes faster, and the cars it pulls carry *people*!"

"That's just what I thought," agreed Choo-choo breathlessly.

"That's just why I have decided that





when I grow up, I shall be a Passenger Locomotive like you, instead of being a Freight Locomotive."

"When you grow up!" cried the big Passenger Engine, so surprised at what he had heard that he hardly knew what to say. And then, all at once, he began to laugh and laugh as though he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

Choo-choo listened to his laughter. "What is so funny about that?" he asked.

"What is so funny — ho-ho-ho!" snorted the big Engine. "Why, you little simpleton, babies and puppies grow up, but an Engine always stays as he is made. Who ever heard of a Locomotive growing up?" And the big Engine laughed and laughed.

Poor little Choo-choo hung his head. He felt foolish because he had not known that little Engines cannot grow up to become big, shiny Passenger Locomotives.

He had always been happy before, but now he became sad. He did not do his work well. He would start and then stop as if he just could not go on. The Yardmaster thought that something was wrong inside him. He sent Choo-choo away to the roundhouse and asked the Locomotive Doctors there to make him well.

The Doctors at the roundhouse

poked and pounded him. They twisted all his bolts and tightened up his rivets. But they could not make him feel any better. When they had finished, Choo-choo behaved just as badly as before. He felt tired and sad all the time, because he could no longer dream of growing up.

He did his work so poorly that



the Yardmaster in the big railroad yard finally asked for another Switch Engine to take Choo-choo's place. And poor little Choo-choo stood on a sidetrack near the roundhouse, all alone and with nothing at all to do. But he did not care much what happened to him, now that he knew he could never grow up into a big Locomotive and pull trains to far-away cities.

One day a new Engineer and Fireman came toward Choo-choo as he stood sadly on the sidetrack. The little Switch Engine scarcely noticed them. The Engineer walked all around him, squirting oil into him here and there with a big oil can, and the Fireman tested his motors.

"He will run all right," the Fireman said, "just as soon as he gets warmed up."

When everything was ready, the Engineer told the Fireman to climb aboard. Sure enough, the Engine began to move. Then little Choo-choo was backed away off the sidetrack where he had stood for so long.

The Engineer looked again at a piece of paper, to make sure he had his orders right.

"We can make it all the way without having to sidetrack," he told the Fireman, "if only this little old plaything gives us no trouble."

Choo-choo wondered what the Engineer meant. Then he realized that he, Choo-choo, was being called a little old plaything!

"The very idea!" he said to himself, becoming quite angry. "I'll just show them that I am as good as any other Locomotive. A little old plaything, indeed!"

And because he was angry, he forgot all about being sad for a while and began to work as well as he had ever done.



Choo-choo was run out on to the main-line tracks. The Engineer opened the throttle wide and the little Switch Engine began to run as fast as he could—faster than he had ever run at any other time before.

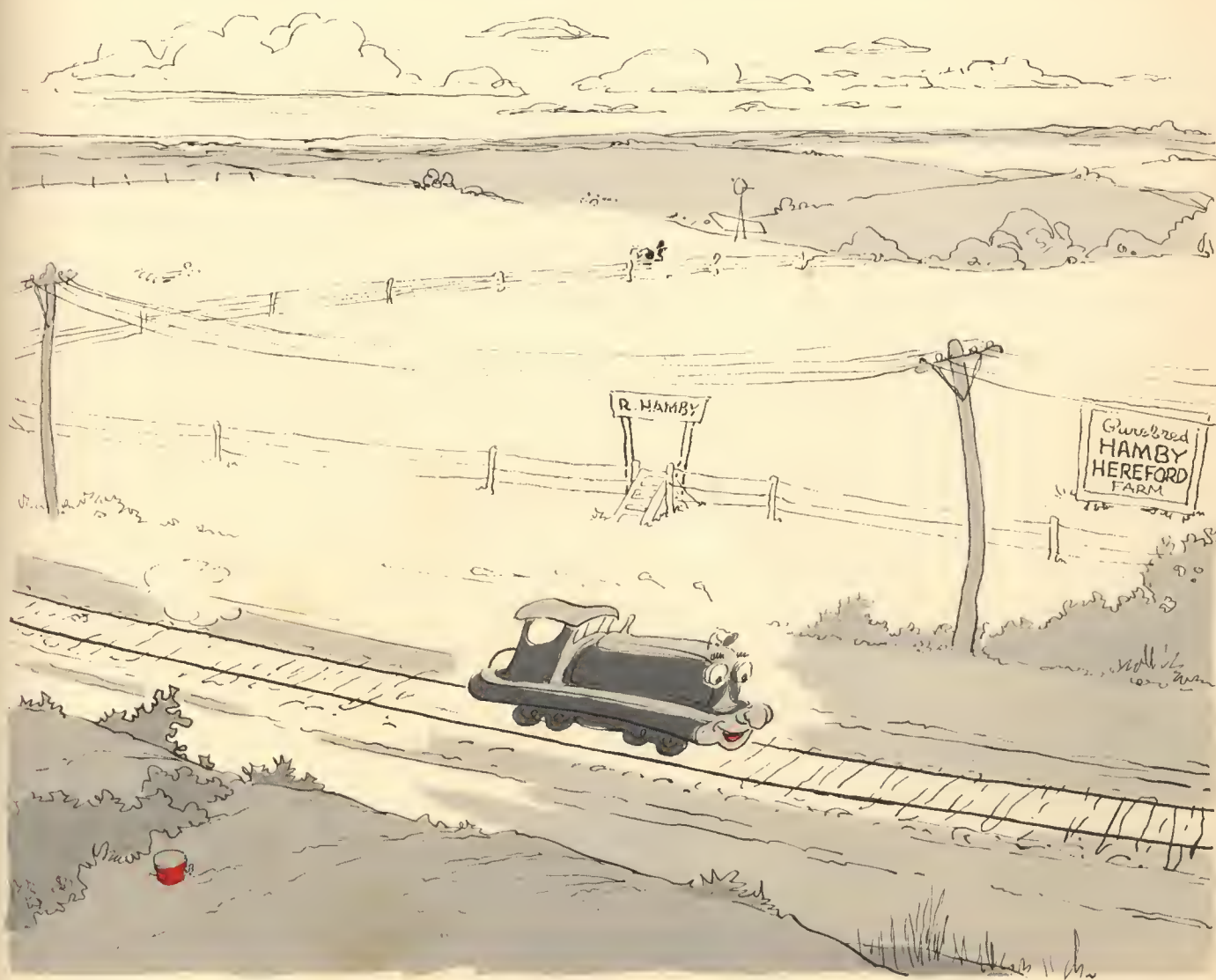
He ran past the roundhouse. He ran through the big railroad yard where he used to push and pull freight cars around all day. There he saw the new Switch Engine, and he whistled to him, "*Too-too-o-oot!*" just as he thought a big Passenger

Locomotive would have whistled.

The first thing he knew, Choo-choo was out in the open country. And suddenly, Choo-choo found that he was no longer sad. For he was speeding along the main line, just like one of the big streamlined Locomotives.

"I don't know where they are taking me," he laughed to himself, "but this is wonderful." And he went faster and faster.

As he went along, he listened to







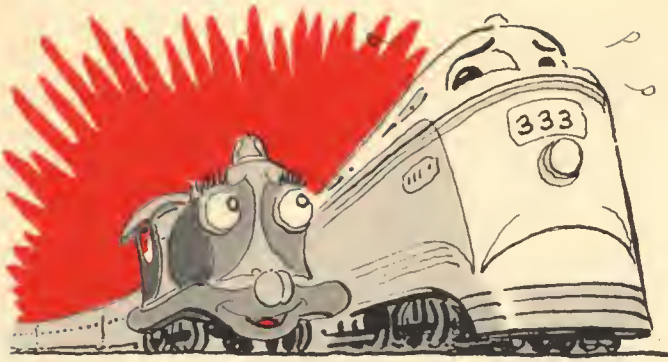
what the Engineer and Fireman were saying to each other, and before long he found out the reason for this trip. Some town along the railroad needed a Switch Engine in its little railroad yard. Since Choo-choo no longer seemed able to do the hard work in the big yard in the city, he was being sent to the smaller town.

Choo-choo became unhappy when he thought of leaving the big city. But he quickly smiled again when he saw how fast he could make the fields and woods whiz by. He

tooted his horn for crossings. He ran past little railroad stations just as though he were a big Passenger Engine pulling a fine limited train.

After he had gone along for several hours, the Engineer began to slow him down a little as they neared the edge of a town.

"This is our stop, Ben," he said to the Fireman. Then he walked over to the station to let the telegraph operator know that Choo-choo had arrived. In a few minutes the Engineer came running back, waving a sheet of paper as he ran.



"Number 10 is laid up at the next town," he called to the Fireman. "Its Engine is dead on the track. We are to sidetrack the dead Engine and then pull the train into the city. Come on, let's get going."

"But will this little plaything pull Number 10 so far without going to pieces himself?" asked the Fireman, anxiously. "This is just a little Switch Engine and Number 10 is a big, long Passenger train!"

"If the little Switch Engine runs as well after we pick up Number 10 as he did coming here, we'll make it all right," said the Engineer.

Choo-choo could hardly believe what he had heard, but he did not have much time to wonder about it.

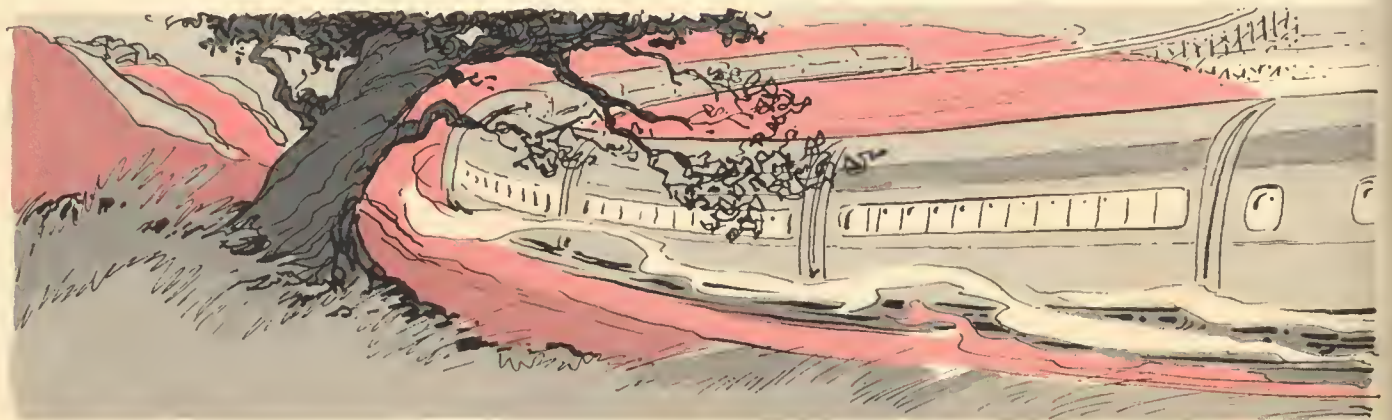
They turned him around so that he could run backwards along the main line to the next town. That was where the Engineer had been told Number 10 and its big crippled Locomotive would be waiting.

Choo-choo was even more surprised when at last he came to the spot where the train stood. He saw that the crippled Engine was none other than the fine big streamlined Passenger Engine which had been beside him in the roundhouse and had laughed at him so hard.

Choo-choo didn't want to make the poor fellow feel any worse, but he just couldn't help saying, "I really must be growing up, after all, since they have sent me to pull your train in."

The crippled Locomotive did not laugh at him this time.

"Perhaps you are," he said. "I am so ashamed to have my train late. You'll show yourself to be a real Locomotive if you will get it into the



city without losing any more time. Your little wheels make you rather slow, but try to do your best."

Choo-choo promised, very proud that the other Engine should talk to him in such a grown-up way. First, he pulled the big crippled Locomotive to a sidetrack out of the way. Next, he coupled on the long train of bright, shiny passenger coaches and began pulling it to the city.

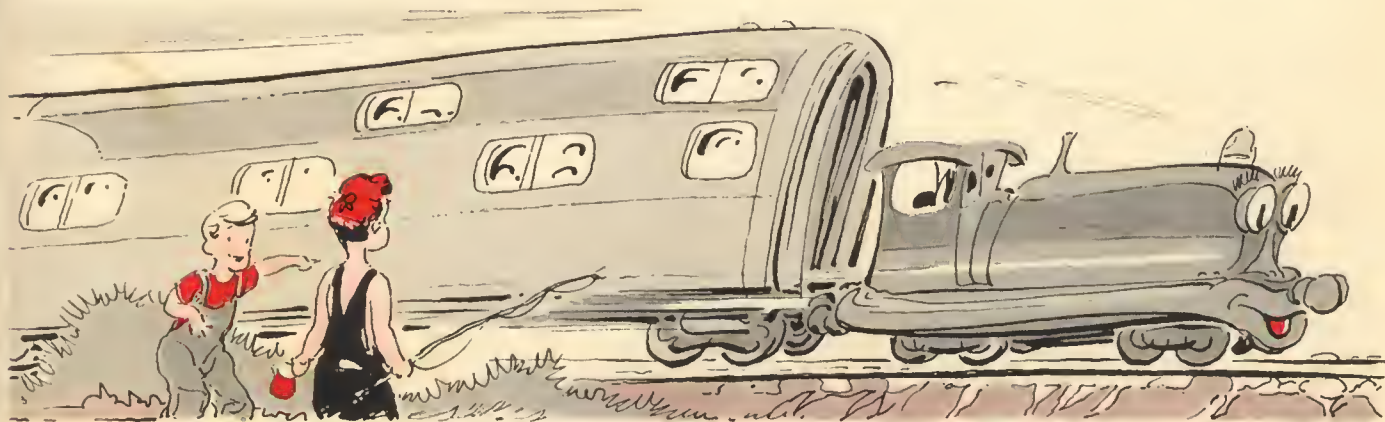
The train was heavy, but not nearly so hard to pull as some of the long strings of freight cars which Choo-choo had pulled in the big railroad yard. The little Switch Engine did not mind the work at all. He began to go faster and faster. He wanted to show the big Locomotive that he really was growing up. His Engineer opened the throttle wide, and away he sped down the track.

At last he came once more to the city; he whizzed through the big railroad yard and past the roundhouse. Finally, under the great train

shed of the station, Choo-choo's Engineer stopped him. As the passengers began to get out of the coaches, Choo-choo was cut loose from the train. He rolled on down through the train shed and was switched onto another track, so that he could go back to the roundhouse.

At the roundhouse, the Engineer and the Fireman told what a fine Engine he was. "This little Switch Engine really saved the day for Number 10," they said. "He brought the train in as smoothly as the best Locomotive on the line could have done."

Because they spoke so well of him, he was given his old work to do in the big railroad yard. No one ever had any fault to find with him again, because Choo-choo was happy now. He knew that although he was only a little Switch Engine and could never be anything else, yet once he had been grown-up enough to pull a fine long train of passenger cars.







WHEN the little Airplane was being put together, his builders named him Eagle, because they thought that he would be able to fly like an eagle. Young Mack, his pilot, was very, very proud of the new Airplane.

"I have a feeling," he told the other men at the big flying field, "that Eagle is going to fly higher and faster than any plane this field has ever known. Perhaps he will even break a few records."

It pleased Eagle very much to hear Young Mack say this. He was anxious to fly high in the air, and he was glad that Young Mack had been chosen to fly him.

The morning came when the pilot was to take Eagle up for the

first time, to test him out. All the other flyers and the workers at the big field had gathered about to see how the new Plane would act when he was in the air.

Young Mack came out, dressed in heavy flying clothes which would keep him warm when he flew high up in the air. He wore a parachute strapped to his back, in case Eagle should fall down.

At the thought of flying for the first time, Eagle was so excited that he could hardly wait to start. He wanted to go up, up, up, higher and higher in the sky, until people and houses down on the ground became too small to be seen.

Young Mack settled himself in the cabin. He looked at all the instruments and dials and gauges in front



of him to make sure that everything about Eagle was all right. Then the men on the ground beside the little Plane pulled away the big blocks which had kept Eagle from running forward. Young Mack turned on the engine. Then the little Airplane sprang forward and ran very fast on the ground for a short distance.

Suddenly, he seemed to leap right up into the air. He felt so happy, as soon as he found himself off the ground, that he kept on going up and up and up, turning in a wide circle as he climbed. His path

was just like a big corkscrew.

The people on the field below watched Eagle with amazement.

"What a wonderful take-off," said one. "He just jumped up into the air."

"And look at him climb!" cried another.

Eagle felt that at last he was doing the thing he had been made for. Now he could no longer see the people on the ground and still he climbed. He was flying so high that the air was becoming thin. Young Mack found it hard to breathe, and Eagle could scarcely get enough air to mix with the fuel in his fuel tank. But the Airplane was not yet ready to go back to earth. He had seen something high above the clouds through which he had climbed—something so strange and wonderful that he wanted to keep on flying until he reached it.

Eagle had seen the sun, but because he was such a very new Plane, he did not know what it was. He thought that it was just a great hot yellow ball hung up very high in the sky, and he climbed to get closer to it.

At last, the air grew so thin and cold that Young Mack had to turn the little Plane back toward the earth. And Eagle, who had felt sure

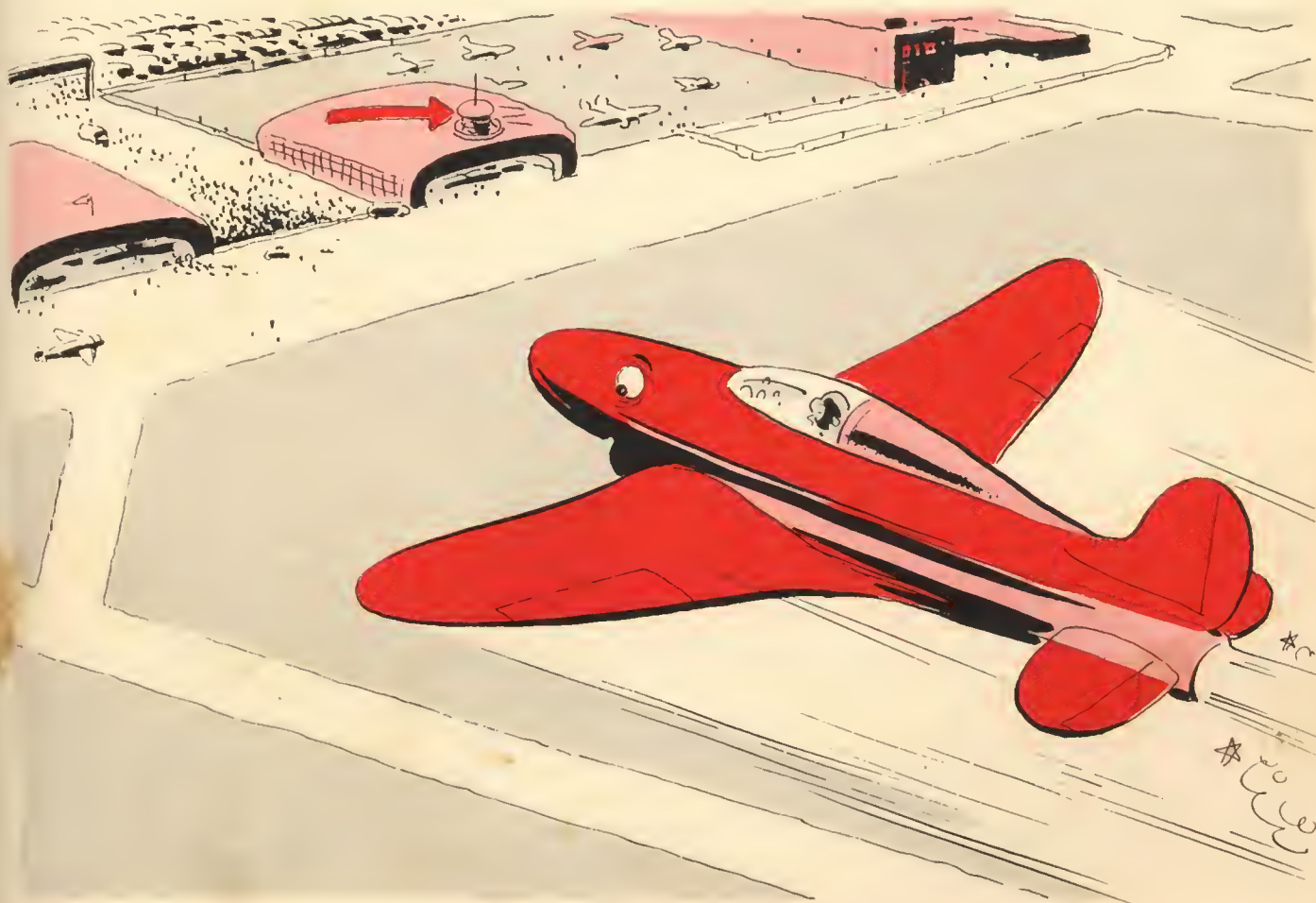
a moment ago that he would be able to reach the bright, golden ball of the sun, grew rather sad. He glided down and down and down, until at last the flying field could be seen again.

As Young Mack and Eagle came nearer and nearer the earth, the crowd of people waiting for them at the big field seemed to grow larger and larger. At last they were just above the field, and then Eagle settled down. Light as a feather, he ran along on his wheels toward the place from which he had started.

Young Mack climbed out of the cabin, all stiff from the cold of the upper air, but happy.

"It was a perfect test flight," he told the eager men on the field who crowded about him to ask all sorts of questions. "The next time we go up, Eagle will break every record that has ever been made."

Then Eagle knew that soon he would have another chance to fly higher than ever. "Next time," he thought, "I shall fly to the yellow ball and see just what it is before Young Mack turns back to earth."







So Eagle was pushed into his hangar, and then the men began to work on him to make him ready for his next flight into the upper air. They put in oxygen tanks so that Young Mack would be able to breathe when the air got too thin, and made his cabin tight and strong. Also, they increased the power of the compressor so that Eagle would have enough air to breathe, too. Then he could go on running in the high, thin air. And they put on special instruments that would tell how high they had gone. Young Mack

wanted to fly higher up in the sky than any man had ever flown before in a jet Plane.

At last Eagle was all ready to go. One bright morning, he was rolled out of his hangar onto the flying field. Young Mack came out to him, looking like a big, padded bear. He was wearing many clothes and an electrically warmed suit to keep him from freezing in the high, cold air.

Soon they were off. As he started through the air, the little Plane felt very happy. Almost above him, it seemed, was the great yellow ball.

"Now," he said to himself, "I shall fly on and on, until I can see just what that wonderful golden thing is."

So he flew up and up and up, higher and higher all the time. But no matter how high he went, he never seemed to come any nearer the yellow ball. It always looked just as far away as it had when he started. The air became so thin and cold as Eagle climbed that he knew he was far above the level where Young Mack had turned him back to earth before.

When the air grew so thin, Eagle's engine could make him go forward faster, but his wings could not lift him higher and higher as they had done nearer the earth.

Though Eagle climbed, he climbed more and more slowly.

"I shall never be able to see what that great round yellow ball looks like," Eagle said sadly to himself. "This air is getting so thin that I can't fly up much higher."

Still his engine struggled on. He kept climbing, climbing, just a very little bit now, but still flying a little higher all the time.

"Go on, little Eagle," Young Mack whispered. "I'll not turn you back until you get so high that you cannot climb another inch."

Eagle heard Young Mack, and he climbed a little higher, though it was dreadfully hard work. At last he was so high that he could not rise another inch. The air had become so thin that when he would climb a little bit, he would drop back the next instant. He tried and tried to fly nearer to the big round yellow sun, but he couldn't do it.

"That's all, little Eagle," whispered Young Mack through lips that were almost frozen. "That's as far as we can go. Now we must drop back to earth and tell them all about it."

Then Eagle turned back toward the earth. He felt sad because he had not been able to fly to the sun.

"Perhaps next time I shall make it," he said to himself. But really, he

felt sure that he had flown this time as high as he could ever go.

Young Mack and Eagle were so far above the earth that nothing could be seen of it for a long, long time except some fleecy white clouds that shadowed it. Then, as they glided down, they passed through the clouds and could see far below them little threads that were great rivers and little spots of color that were big cities.

Down and down they went, getting closer and closer to the earth. And as they came nearer, all the things on the ground seemed to grow larger, until at last they could see the flying field from which they had started. There they saw a crowd of people waiting for them to land.

And then what a lot of excitement there was! The men lifted Young Mack out of the cabin, for he was still so cold and stiff that he could not climb out by himself. Other men with cameras took pictures of him and of little Eagle. And still other men, who were high officers of the flying field, lifted the little black instruments out of the place where they had been fastened to Eagle.

They showed just how high above the earth Eagle and Young Mack had gone. Then the officers began to call out in great excitement. And



everybody who heard them began to cheer as loudly as he could, shouting and throwing his hat into the air.

Young Mack and Eagle had flown higher into the sky than any other pilot and jet Airplane had ever gone before! They had set a new world record!

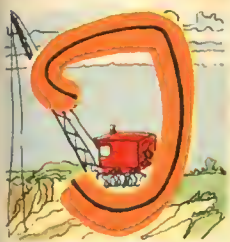
Everybody was cheering and laughing and so happy that Eagle could no longer be sad, even though he had not flown to the sun. Since

he and Young Mack had climbed nearer to it than any other Airplane and pilot, he began to feel satisfied. So he smiled happily at the cameramen and let them take all the pictures they wanted to take.

When the men finally pushed him into his hangar again, Eagle forgot his dream of flying to the sun and began to dream, instead, of other wonderful flights he and Young Mack would someday make together.



The Hungry Power Shovel



THE Engineer who ran the big Power Shovel called her "Hungry Lizzie," because, he said, she was always ready to eat a big hole right down in the ground or to bite into a hill. Hungry Lizzie didn't mind what her Engineer said about her; she liked him, anyway.

All the day long, Hungry Lizzie would do nothing but take huge bites of earth and stone with her sharp-toothed shovel. After each bite she would swing around and drop the whole mouthful into a heavy motor truck that stood there waiting to carry it away. So big were her bites that one was all a strong truck could carry. But all her life, no matter what she was doing, Lizzie had al-

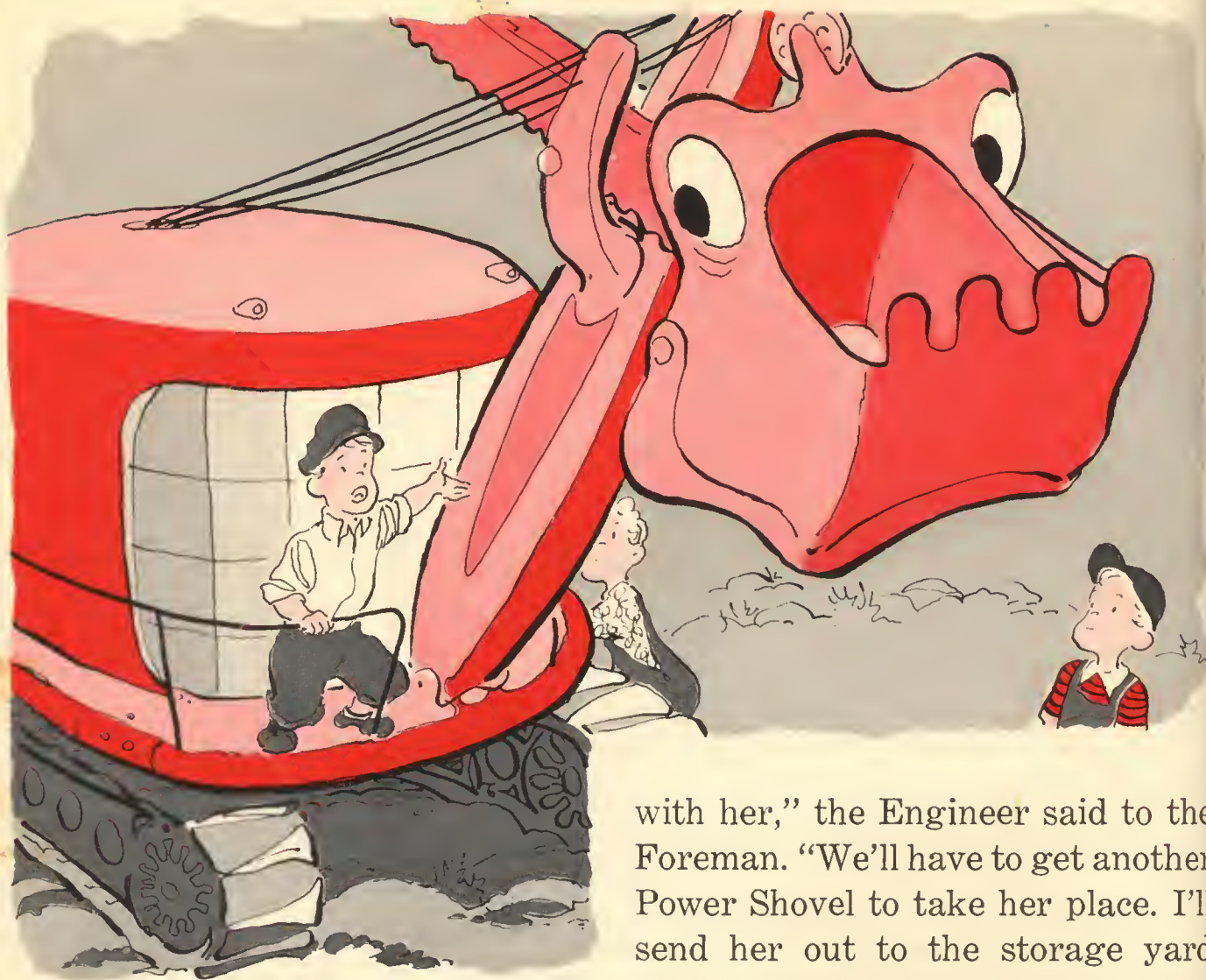
ways been hungry. She had never enjoyed anything more than chewing up the earth in great mouthfuls.

And then, at last, something dreadful happened. Hungry Lizzie lost her appetite! The big Power Shovel had been eating a wide, deep hole in the ground, where later on the heavy feet of a tall building would rest, when suddenly she no longer felt hungry. Instead of taking a truckload of earth and rock at one bite, as she had always done before, she just nibbled a little dust.

"Here, here! What's wrong with you, Hungry Lizzie?" cried her Engineer. "What do you mean by taking such a small bite?"

"I'm just not hungry any more," explained Lizzie.

"Why, I never heard of such a



thing!” exclaimed her Engineer in surprise.

“Nor I, either,” said the Power Shovel, “but it’s true just the same.”

“Let’s try it again,” the Engineer suggested soothingly.

But try as they would, Hungry Lizzie could not swallow a truckload at one bite. All that she could do was to nibble a tiny bit of dirt and rock each time.

“I can’t understand what’s wrong

with her,” the Engineer said to the Foreman. “We’ll have to get another Power Shovel to take her place. I’ll send her out to the storage yard until I get the time to go over her and try to put her into good shape again.”

So another Power Shovel took poor Lizzie’s place, and she was driven to the big storage yards of the construction company, which were far away, out near the edge of the city.

Three boys lived near the big storage yards—Johnny and Jerry and Pete. They often played about among the heavy graders and scrapers and other things stored there.

When they saw Lizzie taking her place among the other machines, they hurried over to climb on her and see just what she was like. The boys had played in the yard so often that they knew all the machines and used to talk to them.

"Did you get tired of working?" Jerry asked Lizzie. "Is that why they sent you here to rest up?"

"Oh, no," said Lizzie. "I was not tired of working. I just lost my appetite all at once, and then I couldn't eat big bites of earth and rocks any more."

"Perhaps you should take a tonic," Johnny, the littlest boy, told her. "That's what I have to do sometimes, when I don't feel like eating."

"Tut-tut!" answered Lizzie. "Who ever heard of a Power Shovel taking a tonic?"

Pete, the oldest boy, laughed; he had thought of a new game.

"I'll bet we could make a tonic for you that would give you an appetite again," he said to Lizzie.

"Of course we can," cried Johnny and Jerry. "Let's make it now."

So Johnny and Jerry and Pete ran off to make a tonic for the big Power Shovel, while Hungry Lizzie sat back and laughed heartily at such a queer idea.

"Henry, the gas station man, will

help us make a good tonic," Pete said. "Let's ask him."

So they ran to the gas station and told their friend, Henry, about needing a tonic for Lizzie, the Power Shovel.

Henry thought a moment.

"I know!" he said. "We'll give her a tonic of high-test gasoline! That should give her a good appetite."

So Henry filled a big bottle with high-test gasoline. "Now, we will put in a few drops of this and that to make it a *real* tonic," he said. So he put in a few drops of something red, and then a few drops of something brown. Next he gave the bottle a good shake, and the liquid in the big bottle looked very much like the tonic Johnny took.

"Now, let's take it to Lizzie," he said.

"My goodness!" cried Lizzie, when she saw what the boys were bringing her. "What's in that big bottle you have?"

"It's your tonic," said Johnny. "After you take it, you'll be hungry again."

"Dear me," said Lizzie, "I'm quite sure that it will do all sorts of things to me. What a big bottle of tonic it is! And how shall I take it?"

The boys hadn't thought of that. Johnny was sure that the best way



to give a tonic to a Power Shovel was to drop it down the exhaust pipe. Jerry said that it should be put in the sharp-toothed shovel itself. But Henry said that the tonic should go right into the fuel tank where Lizzie's usual fuel went.

So Johnny and Jerry and Pete watched while Henry put the tonic into the fuel tank.

"Now, she'll be fine," Henry said. "I know she will. But drop by this afternoon and tell me how she feels."

And with a grin and a wave, Henry went back to the gas station.

Then the boys stood to one side

to see how the big Power Shovel would act when she tasted the medicine they had made for her.

Suddenly, almost before she knew it, Lizzie felt herself getting hungry again. All at once she wanted to bite deeply into the ground and eat out great mouthfuls of earth and stone, just as she had done so many times before.

"How do you feel now?" the boys called to her.

"Fine!" she cried. "I'm hungry again! Jump up on me and pull all my levers and turn all my do-jiggers, so that I can move along and get something to eat."

The boys were very proud to think that their medicine had done the big Power Shovel good. They jumped aboard her and began pulling all her levers and turning all her do-jiggers at once, just as she had told them to do.

And then suddenly Hungry Lizzie began to move forward on her broad caterpillar feet, and her heavy shovel began dipping up and down. Her horn tooted, her big sharp-toothed shovel swung down to the ground and grabbed up a huge bite of earth. Twisting about, Lizzie threw this bite to one side and then, quick as a flash, she took another bite right beside the first.



"*Yum-yum!*" she mumbled, as she kept on eating as fast as she could.

When the boys saw her making a big hole right in the center of the construction yard, they became a little frightened. But they were having fun watching Hungry Lizzie and were not quite ready to run away and leave her all alone.

Perhaps it was the tonic she had taken, or perhaps it was the way that the boys had pulled her levers and twisted her do-jiggers all at the same time, that made Lizzie eat into the ground so very much faster than usual. But, anyhow, it was only a very short time until she had dug herself into a hole that was very long and wide and far deeper than she was tall.

"We've got to stop her!" shouted the boys, as they saw how fast Hungry Lizzie was biting her way into the ground. They pulled and twisted all her levers and do-jiggers again. Then they blew her horn, "*Toot-toot! Too-oo-oot!*" Before long they had made her stop eating even though she was still as hungry as ever.

Jerry and Johnny and Pete climbed out of the big hole which Hungry Lizzie had made and hurried home as fast as they could go. They wondered if it had been such a good idea to give Lizzie the tonic.

"Anyway, we can tell Henry it *worked*," Johnny said.

As for Hungry Lizzie, she grew hungrier than ever as she waited at the bottom of her hole through all the long afternoon. And because she was so very hungry, she grew more and more unhappy. Finally, something happened which made her feel much better.

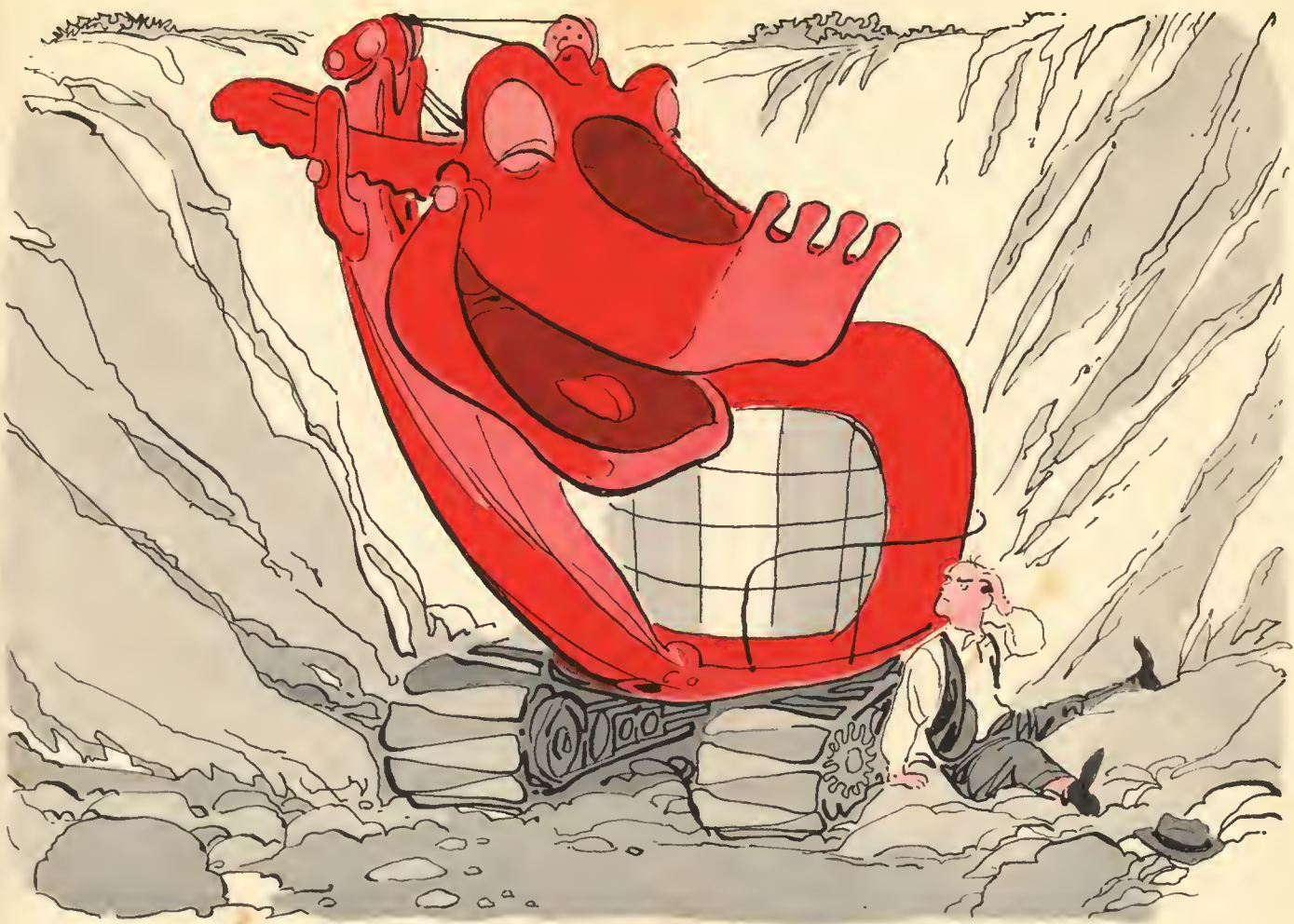
"What in the world are you doing down there?" an angry voice said from the edge of the big hole she had dug. The Power Shovel looked up to see her Engineer standing there looking down at her.

"What do you mean by digging a hole in the yard this way?" he shouted at her, waving his arms about.

Hungry Lizzie felt a little ashamed now of what she had done.

"Oh, I just took a tonic to cure my loss of appetite," she said. "Then I became so hungry that I couldn't wait to start eating. I began biting into the ground right where I stood, and before I knew it, I had eaten this hole in the earth. But I'm so hungry that I shall never lose my appetite again, and I can bite away harder and faster now than I ever could before."

When the Engineer heard this, he forgot his anger and became so



excited that he tumbled over the edge of the hole and rolled down the steep side until he landed, *ker-thump!* hard against Hungry Lizzie. He was all shaken up, but he forgave the big Power Shovel for that, also. He was so glad that she had found her appetite again, and seemed so full of energy.

The next day, as soon as he could get her out of the big hole, the Engineer took Hungry Lizzie back to work again. And from that time on, she worked away better than ever. She was always hungry and ate

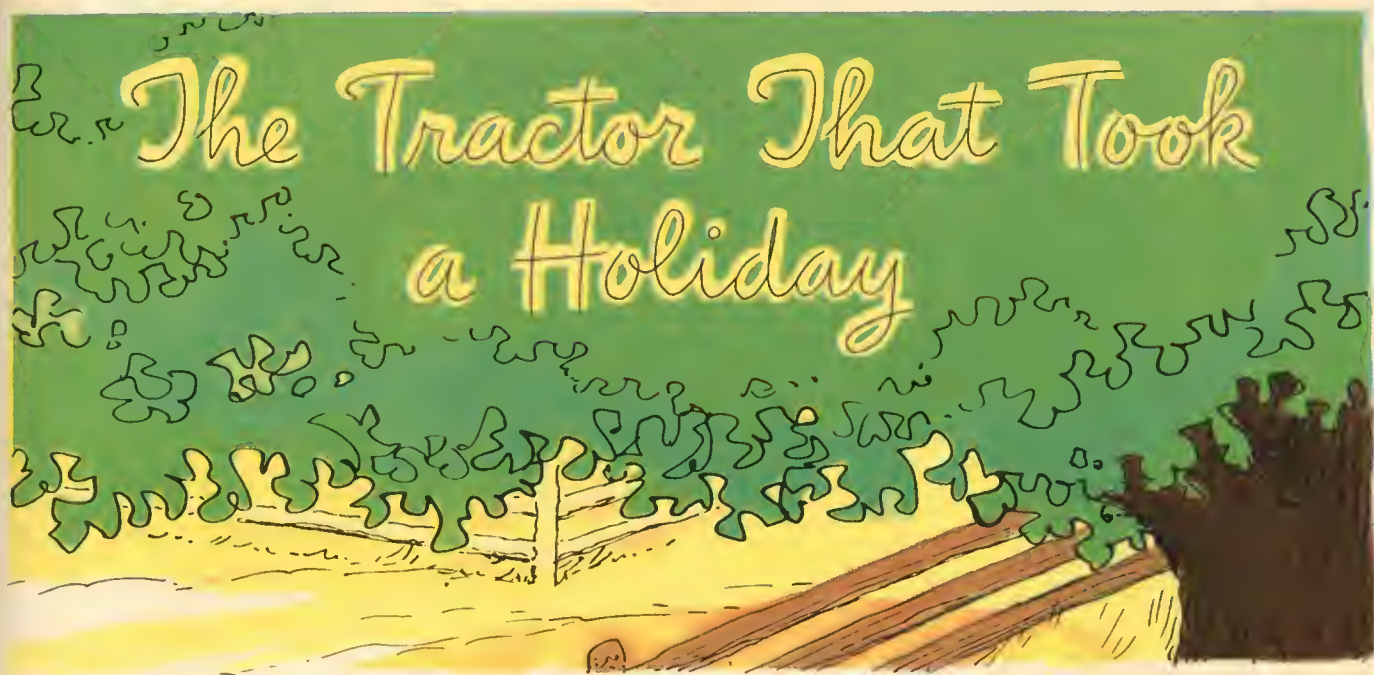
away the earth and stone faster than she had done before. She never had to take a tonic again, which was probably just as well. It would have been very hard to find anyone who could have made a tonic for her just like the one Henry and the three boys gave her to bring back her appetite.

In fact, when the boys asked Henry what was in the tonic, he shook his head and laughed.

"You know," he said, "I lost the prescription for that tonic just after I filled the bottle for hungry Lizzie."



The Tractor That Took a Holiday



HUFF, CHUFF! *Bang, bang!*" roared the big Tractor as he ran about doing his work on the farm where he

lived. He roared with such a great noise that he was called Snorter, which was a very good name for him, indeed.

Snorter worked very hard every day. He pulled the great Plows, whose sharp shares tore up the earth in the fields to make it ready for planting wheat and corn and other seeds. He dragged the bristly-toothed Harrows and heavy Rollers over the freshly plowed ground to break up the big clods and to smooth the dirt, so that the seeds would have a better bed in which to lie. And he pulled the Drills, or planting ma-

chines, which dropped the tiny seeds into the ground and covered them up in the best way to make them sprout and grow into big plants.

When the wheat and oats were ripe in the summer sun, the big Tractor would roar through the bright fields pulling a great Binder. As he ran along, the keen knives of the Binder would cut quickly through the grain stalks. Then, as their heavy heads drooped, the Binder would catch them and tie them into bundles that were dropped here and there over the field.

For several days afterwards, Snorter would have a great time running a Threshing Machine with a big, whirring belt. The Thresher would beat the wheat and oat grains from the straw and chaff. He would

throw the golden straw up into a big stack and pour the bright, clean grains into sacks. The wheat could then be taken to the mill to be ground into fine, white flour for bread. The oats would be stored away for horse feed for the winter.

Snorter really didn't mind keeping busy all the time, except once in a while when he grew a little tired. Then he wished that he might have a whole day to himself with not a bit of work to do.

At last, one day in the fall, Mike, the Hired Man, who always rode on him, said, "Well, old fellow, you can have a whole day's rest tomorrow, with not a thing to do. We're all going to the Fair early in the morning, to be gone all day, and there'll be no work done. So rest up; for the next day we must get the big field ready for sowing wheat."

"How nice!" said Snorter.

And he went to sleep that night thinking of the fine holiday he would have, without a thing to do.

He tried to sleep late the next morning, but he couldn't do it. He was awake bright and early, just as usual, and he heard all the people of the farm leaving for the Fair. He began to feel lonesome and restless, which was no way to feel on a nice holiday. At last he could not stand

being quiet even one minute longer.

"I'll just roll along over to the big field and see where I'm going to start work tomorrow," he said.

He felt much better as soon as he had started his motor and roared out into the barnyard.

"Good morning, Mr. Snorter," a cheery voice greeted him as he roared out of his shed. "Where are you going so bright and early?"

When Snorter looked around, he saw that it was the big Plow speaking to him. The Plow stood there, all ready to begin work the next day in the big field, and his sharp shares glittered in the sun.

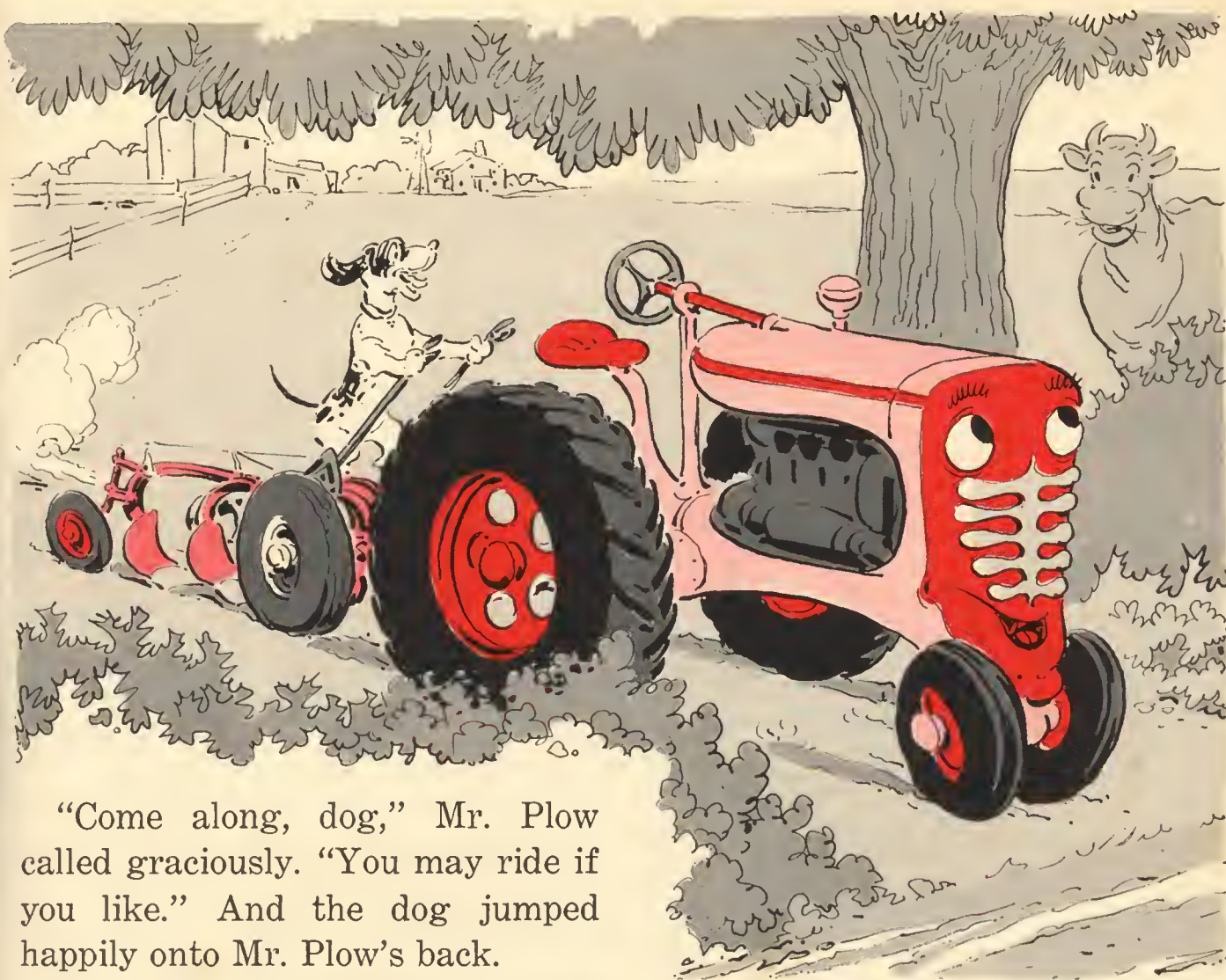
"Good morning, Mr. Plow," answered Snorter. "I was feeling a little restless, with nothing to do. I thought I would just roll along over to the big field and see where we must work tomorrow morning."

"How interesting!" said the Plow. "May I come along with you?"

"Surely, Mr. Plow," replied Snorter, glad to have company. "Just hook yourself onto my drawbar, and I'll take you right along."

So the Plow hooked himself onto the big Tractor, and Snorter made his motor roar as together they began to move on toward the big field.

"Bow-wow," barked a dog pleadingly.



"Come along, dog," Mr. Plow called graciously. "You may ride if you like." And the dog jumped happily onto Mr. Plow's back.

But they had hardly started again when another voice called, "Good morning, Mr. Snorter. Where are you taking Mr. Plow this fine, bright holiday?"

The big Tractor glanced around, and he saw the Harrow grinning at him with all his bristly teeth.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Harrow," said Snorter. "Mr. Plow and I are tired of standing still with nothing to do. So we thought we would roll over to the big field and see where we have to start work tomorrow."

"Oh, but that will be fine," grinned the Harrow. "I would like to go, too. Please take me along with you."

"Very well," said Snorter, glad to have Mr. Harrow's company. "Just hook yourself on behind Mr. Plow, and we'll be getting along."

"Moo, moo," said a cow in a lonesome voice.

"Come along, cow," Mr. Harrow called. "You may go with us if you like."

The Harrow hooked himself on

behind the Plow, and with much noise Snorter started off again, followed by his friends.

"Well, well, where's this fine big parade going, I wonder?" someone said, just as they began to move along.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Wheat Drill!" cried Snorter. "We are going down to the big field to see where we shall all be working tomorrow."

"How interesting!" said the

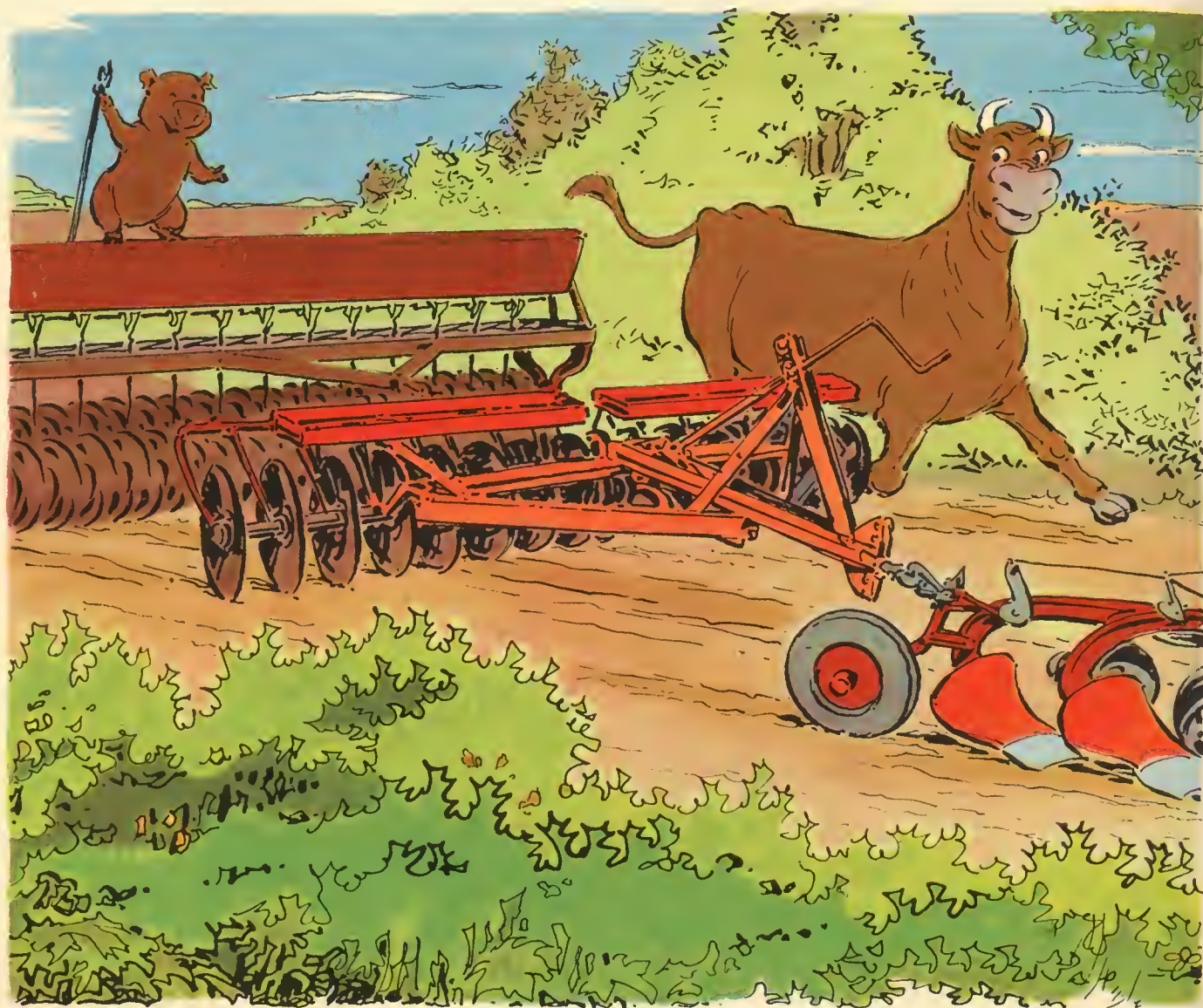
Wheat Drill. "I'm as full as I can be of wheat seed, all ready for tomorrow's work, and I shall enjoy seeing where I shall have to sow it."

"Well, just hook yourself on behind Mr. Harrow," said Snorter.

"Oink, oink," squealed a pig sadly.

"Come along, pig," Mr. Wheat Drill called. "You may ride on my back if you like."

"May I join you?" rumbled the deep voice of the big fat Roller.



"The more, the merrier!" laughed Snorter. "If you'll hook yourself on behind Mr. Drill, I can take you along nicely."

Together they all roared away, the big Tractor in the lead, with the Plow and the Harrow and the Wheat Drill and the Roller and the animals following along behind him.

At last they came to the field.

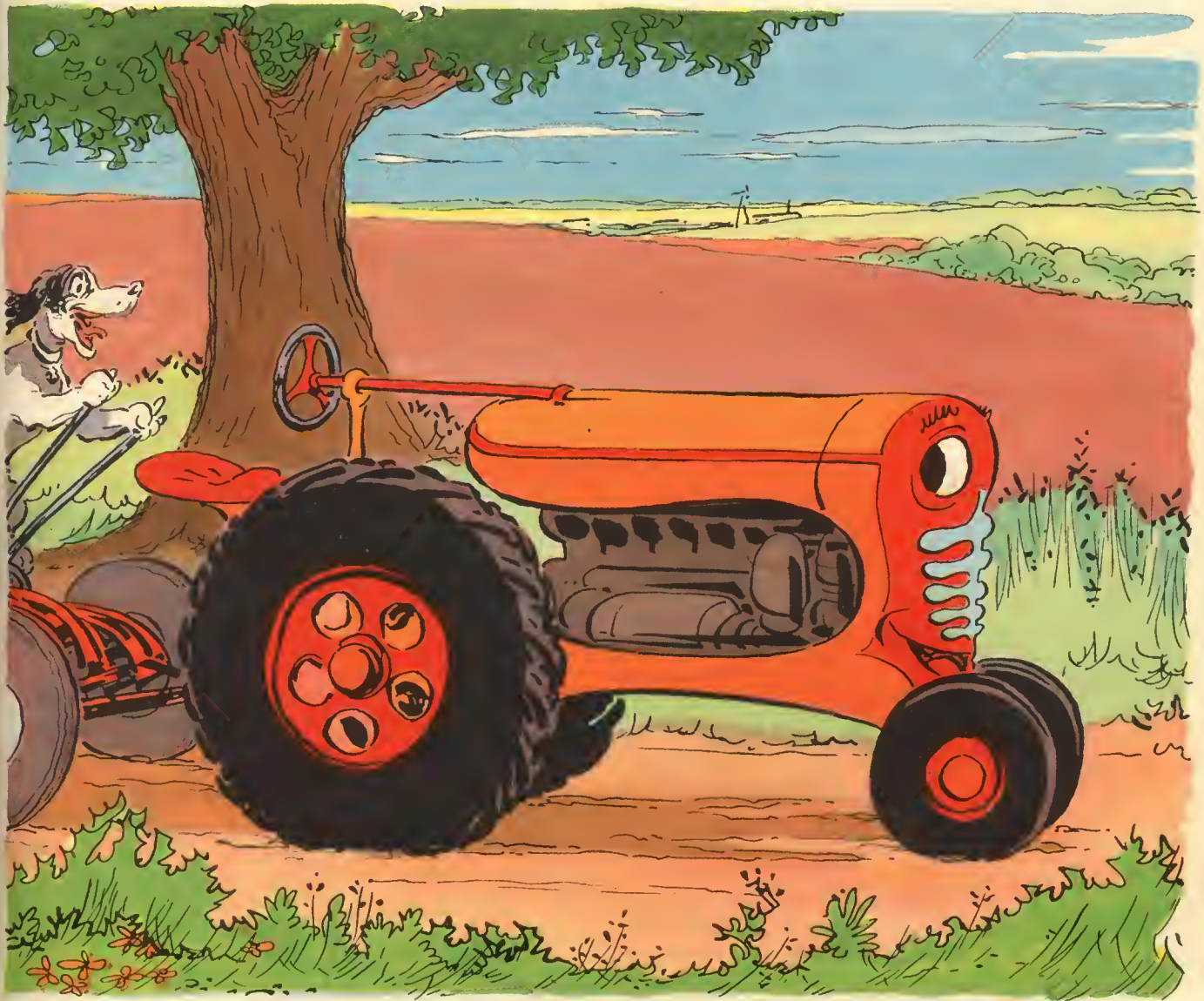
"It is a large field, isn't it?" remarked the Plow. "Mr. Snorter,

you're going to be very tired before you finish pulling my shares through all this ground."

"You'll be more tired than ever before you drag us over it, to crush the clods and smooth the soil," said the Harrow and Roller.

"And you'll be most tired of all by the time you have pulled me around and I have sown wheat all over this big field," said the Drill.

"Tut-tut!" Snorter answered



them. "All of you together couldn't make me really tired. Why, I can pull you while you work the big field, all at the same time.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the Plow, amused by such boasting.

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed the others, also; for they thought Snorter was just trying to be funny.

"Of course I can," said the big Tractor again, just a little angry because they were laughing at him. "Shall I show you?"

"Do you mean to say," asked the astonished Plow, "that you can pull all of us, together, over this big field, while we do our work at the same time, without having to stop and rest?"

"Exactly," boasted Snorter. "I'm a very strong Tractor, I am."

"Ho-ho-ho-ho!" they all laughed again. "You'll have to show us."

"I'll do just that very thing," cried Snorter, a little angrier than before. "Get ready to do your work just as you always do, and I'll start."

So the Plow set his shares so that they would bite deeply into the ground, and the others got all ready to do their work. Then the big Tractor, with his motor roaring loudly, began to dash back and forth across the field, followed by his friends.

The Plow, just behind Snorter,

turned the black soil in deep furrows, and the teeth of the Harrow chewed up the big lumps so that the Wheat Drill behind him could drop his seeds and cover them. Then the Roller made the ground smooth. And all the animals went along merrily.

All morning Snorter pulled his friends back and forth, back and forth, across the big field. When noon came, half of the field was done. But the big Tractor never stopped. All through the long afternoon he roared on, back and forth, back and forth—*bang, bang! chuff, chuff!* At last, by the time the sun was setting, the whole big field had been plowed and harrowed and sown with wheat and rolled.

"What a very strong Tractor you are!" the Plow said to Snorter, when the Drill had planted his last grain of wheat. "I apologize for laughing at you, but I never thought any Tractor could be so strong." All the others joined Mr. Plow in telling Snorter what a really remarkable fellow he was.

The big Tractor was very pleased and happy, and though he was somewhat tired, he didn't mind that at all. He thanked his friends for the pleasant things they said to him, and then he pulled them all back to their places in the barn lot. At last he

clanked into his own shed, thinking what a wonderful day it had been.

That evening, when Mike, the Hired Man, came home from the Fair, he stopped in to see the big Tractor and make sure that he was ready for work the next day.

"Well, Snorter," said Mike, "and how did you enjoy your holiday?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Snorter. "It was the happiest day I ever had!"

"What did you do with yourself all day?" Mike wanted to know.

The big Tractor began to tell the Hired Man just how he and his companions had spent their holiday. Mike was so surprised that he could say nothing at all, at first. Next, he began laughing so hard that he couldn't say anything then, either. And at last he rushed from the shed, still laughing so hard that the big tears rolled from his eyes.

As for Snorter, he never did learn what Mike had found so funny in the way he had spent his holiday.





The Motorboat



That Went to School

PURR-R-R-R!" said the new Motorboat as he swung around toward the dock where the other Boats were moored. "Well, well, how are you all?" he called to them, as his owner tied him up and sprang out on the pier. "My name is Arrow, and I'm called that because I can go so fast."

The other Boats just stared at him, hardly knowing what to say. He was very new and shiny, and most of them were old and dingy. They felt a little backward about becoming friendly too quickly with this newcomer.

"This seems to be a nice little lake," Arrow went on. "Are there any other Boats on it?"

And so the new Motorboat went

on and on, without giving the other Boats a chance to answer any of his questions. They thought that he was a very strange Boat, because he talked so much.

After a few days, the other Boats began to feel that they knew Arrow a little better, and they began to like him and to answer some of his questions. Soon Arrow knew almost as much about the lake as they did.

He learned the names of all the Boats, and he found out who lived in all the houses that were built around that part of the lake.

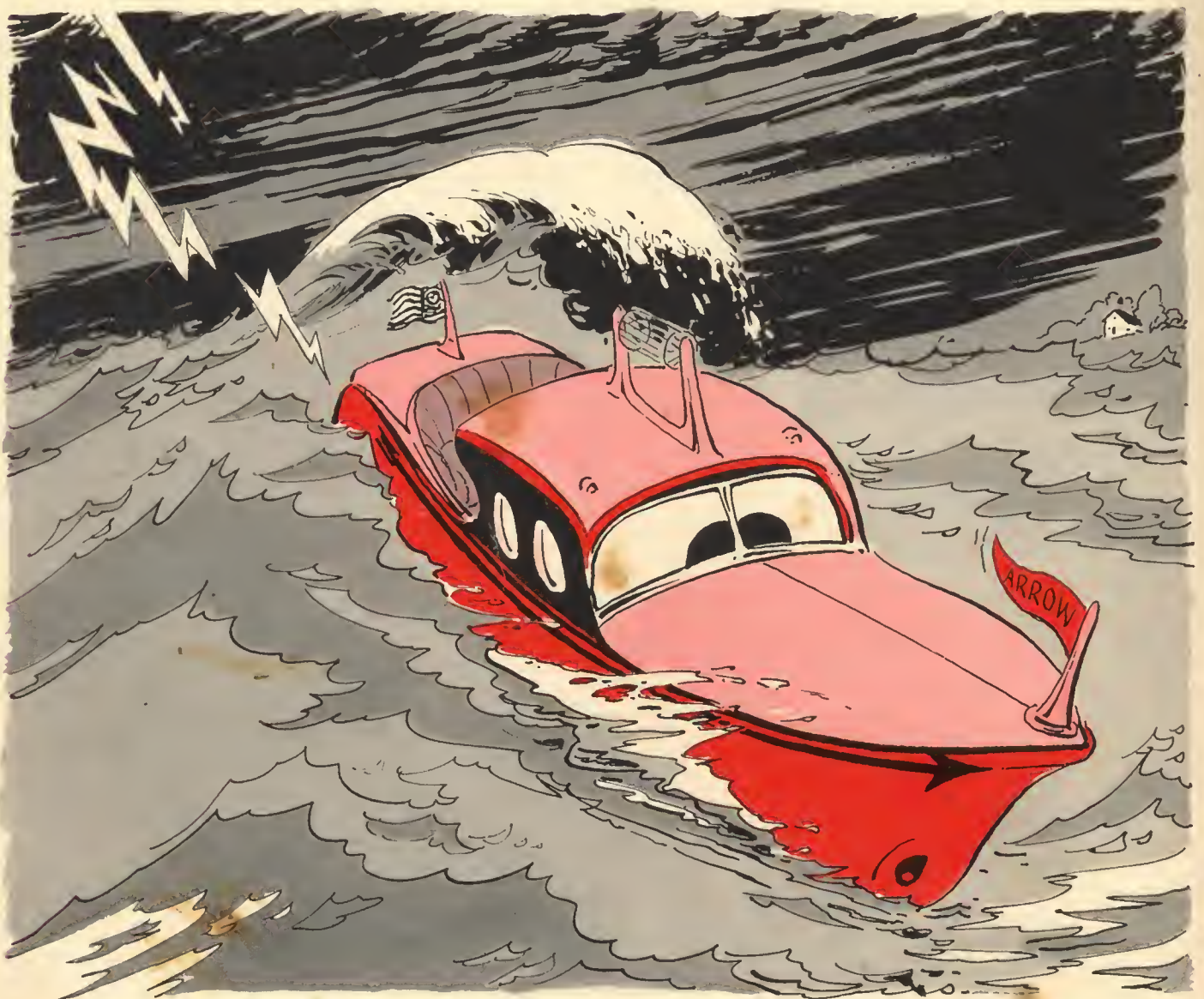
"What is that pretty white building, with the big trees beside it and the green lawn that reaches down to the lake's shore?" he asked the older boats one day.

"Oh, that?" replied one of the Boats. "That is just the village school, where the children all go to learn to read and write, and to be educated in other things."

"How wonderful!" cried Arrow. "I wish I could go to school and be educated. Don't you? Of course, I already know a very great deal for a Motorboat. I know that two added to two makes four; also, that two times two gives the same number.

But what I can't figure out is why when three is added to three in the same way, it makes six, but three times three doesn't make six at all. Perhaps if I went to school I might learn why."

The other Motorboats laughed. "Schools are all right for human beings," said one of them, "but of what use is two times two to a Motorboat? I prefer to lie here in the water, or speed over it once in a while."



"Oh, but going to school helps make you wise," said Arrow. "Now it seems to me that there are many times when a Motorboat would be better off for having a little wisdom and learning."

"Ho-hum! Perhaps so," said the big, slow Motorboat that was tied up beside Arrow. "But why bother yourself about it?"

And then, since all the other Boats at the dock laughed at him for having such funny ideas, Arrow said no more about the matter.

Of course, it was rather foolish for a Motorboat to think of going to school. But Arrow could not forget about it.

"Perhaps some day I shall get the chance to go to school," he kept telling himself.

So the days went along, some of them bright and sunny and some of them dark and cloudy. And then, one evening, a big storm came up over the lake.

The wind blew so hard that it made the water of the lake roll up in big waves. The waves and the wind together tossed all the Boats about as they lay in the water tied to the dock. Where they had not been tied with great care, the storm made them bump hard against one another and against the dock.



Arrow bounded and bounced around on the water at a great rate. The storm made him jerk and tug at the line that tied him fast to the dock, and all at once he jerked so hard that the line broke right in two.

"Look out, Arrow!" all the other Boats called to him as a big wave knocked him away from the dock. "Look out, or the storm will wreck you!"

Arrow could not answer them because the heavy waves were rolling him away toward the center of the lake. He was shaken up and down, and around and around, and he was rocked from side to side. He was jerked and spun about so much that in a few minutes the poor Motor-

boat didn't have the least idea where he was.

And then, a sudden flash of bright lightning showed him a little white building far away across the rolling, angry water.

"Why, that's the schoolhouse!" Arrow said to himself. "My goodness, but this storm has taken me a long way in a very short time. I must do something about it, right away, or else I shall never get back to the dock where I belong."

So the Motorboat waited until an extra-big wave came rushing by toward the shore where the white schoolhouse stood. He let himself be lifted and carried along by the great wave as it ran swiftly.

Before Arrow knew it, they were almost upon the shore. The big wave began to break up as it felt the sand of the shore coming up under it, and it curled over with a great hissing of froth and foam. The Motorboat tried to stop himself in a great hurry also, but he was going too fast. Almost before he knew what was happening, the wave had thrown him right up on the schoolhouse lawn that grew down to the water's edge.

And there, because he was still going very fast and because the grass was so smooth, he could not

stop himself. He could not even slow down. He just slid along on his keel, like a sled on runners, right into the schoolhouse itself.

"*Bang! Crash!*" went the door as he hit it with his nose, and "Ouch!" cried Arrow. He felt his sides being pinched by the door frame as he slid through it. At last, inside the little white schoolhouse, he finally stopped





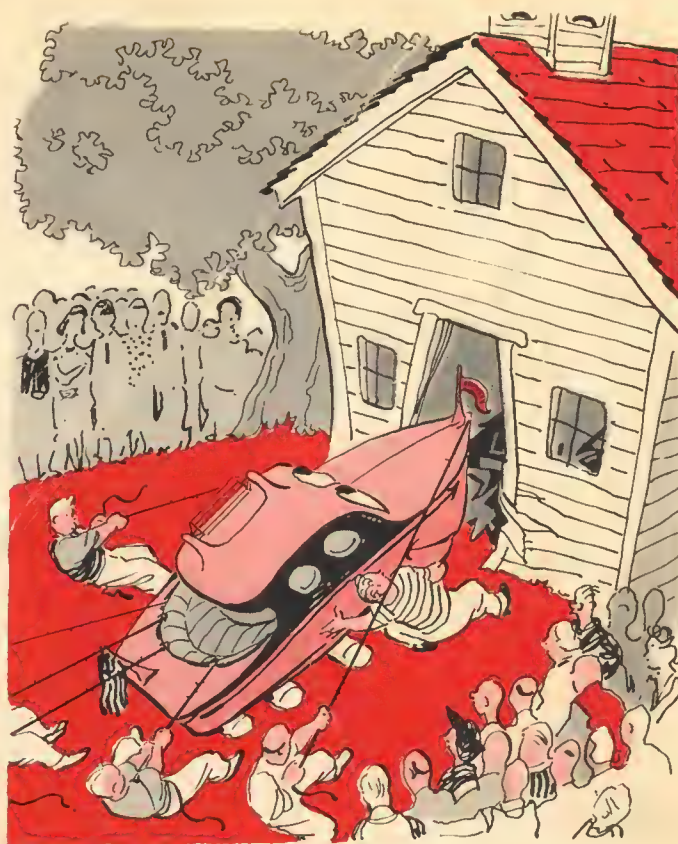
and came to rest. His nose was pressed up against the teacher's desk, his sides were pushing the pupils' desks out of place, and his tail was sticking out through the door.

"Well, I am in the schoolhouse!" he told himself, as he saw the blackboards and the desks and the books. "Just think of it, I've come to school at last!" And he looked about him with interest in everything he saw, because, being in school, he wanted to learn all he possibly could.

When the teacher and pupils came to school the next morning, they were greatly surprised to find that a Motorboat had been carried right into their schoolhouse by the storm. Soon nearly everybody in the little town was down in the schoolyard to see the strange sight. Many people took pictures of the Motorboat that had gone to school. Arrow felt quite proud of himself when he saw how much attention he was attracting.

"My goodness, but everybody is excited about my being here!" he said to himself. "I must be the very first Motorboat that ever went to school."

Before long, a great many men began working hard to get the Motorboat out of the schoolhouse.



They finally pulled him out of the building. Then they put rollers under his keel, and rolled him down into the water. They patched the leaks which the storm had made in him and ran him back to his place at the dock. There they tied him again with a strong rope.

All his friends at the dock were so interested in hearing Arrow's story of how he had gone to school that they could talk of nothing else. They never laughed at him again, and because they always remembered that he had gone to school, they were certain he must surely be the wisest Motorboat in the whole world—as perhaps, indeed, he was.